

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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The Fenian Lesson.

THE Fenian experiment of liberating Ireland through an assault on Canada has proved, for the present at least, a wretched failure. The probabilities are strong that the attempt will cost more lives at the hands of the executioner than did the late formidable Southern rebellion. The grand humanitarians who shudder with well affected horror at the remote possibility of hanging Davis, and were sensibly affected when Wirz was swung off, will string up the hundred or two enthusiastic Irish boys of whom they have got possession, with no more mercy or compunction than if they were so many rabid dogs.

We shall have no reason to complain. The men and boys who went to Canada took their lives in their hands. They played for a stake, grand in their eyes, and lost. They will probably die with the ecstasies of martyrs, and as such, will, no doubt, be regarded, in that near or remote future day when the aspirations of Irish nationality shall have been realized. It would be wise on the part of the British in Canada—for it was against them alone that the Fenians made war—to turn their prisoners free. But no such prescience, no such sublimity of mercy is to be expected of them, and by the probable exercise of a blind severity, they will provoke and precipitate their own ruin.

For, if this movement of not over one-half of the Fenians—this badly planned, headlong, blundering, and thoroughly Celtic onslaught of a distracted organization had not been checked by the interposition of the President and the authorities of the United States, it is as certain as the existence of the sun in the heavens that, at the moment we write, Canada would have been lost now and forever to the British Crown. Had an effective lodgment been made when O'Neill first crossed the Niagara river—and it might have been made if any but an Irishman had been the leader—the forces of the United States, available for any such purpose, would have been insufficient to check the pressure of Irish reinforcements. Had the United States troops been called on to fire on the thronging invaders, nothing is more certain than that the balls from their muskets would have whizzed harmlessly in mid air. Not because they love the

Irish, but because they have cause to hate England.

It is safe to say, and we know we are within bounds when we say it, that, had it not been for the President, Mr. Seward, Gen. Meade, the District Attorneys, and other Federal officers, and had it not been for extra-official and legally unwarranted arrests, and interferences with public carriers, and seizures of property without authority—we say, had it not been for these things, and notwithstanding Fenian disorganization, there would have been fifty thousand Irish soldiers in Canada at this

hour. The Fenians were beaten this side the border.

Chile and Peru have survived our system of neutrality, which is sublime in theory, and only damaging to ourselves and our friends in practice. Mexico has been able to live in spite of it. But Fenianism has succumbed. Its field of battle has been transferred from the shores of the St. Lawrence to the voting booths of our great cities.

We doubt if there is any great sympathy with the Irish in this country *per se*. The native American barely tolerates them; the

demagogue wheedles them; the priests fleece them; the Germans, now dominating in the statistics of emigration, hate them, and between them and the negroes there is a deadly feud. If there is any general sympathy for them, it is a cross between that felt for Poland or "any other" oppressed nationality, and dislike, not to say detestation, of England. No one except the most unmitigated of demagogues pretends to any special admiration or regard for Ireland or Irishmen, except in the sense of opposition to England. Five years ago Fenianism could not have taken

root in the United States, even among Irishmen. If tolerated now, in any degree, it is in view of the posture of Great Britain during the late war, and especially in view of the infamous conduct of Canada during the same struggle. The people of the United States are not so short of memory as to forget the ovation given to the pirates of the Chesapeake in New Brunswick; the immunity accorded to the incendiaries and murderers of St. Albans, and the toleration and sympathy openly and ostentatiously extended to the horde of assassins and conspirators who made Canada the base of their operations against the United States.

Canada is at this hour a dependency of the British Crown only and solely through the favor of the American Government. But for that the Fenians would have been before this in occupation of the country, and that, too, with the acquiescence of a large, if not the larger part of its population.

Let us suppose for an instant that, some time or another, through some infatuation of our people or Government, it should become an object of ambition to occupy Canada, or, in the course of events, an object of importance—how long a time, in the light of recent events, does any one suppose it would require to reduce the provinces, or, to use a euphemism, "reannex" them? If recent events have not shown that a mere suspension of the neutrality laws would accomplish the result, then facts have no significance!

MR. GEORGE PEABODY.

We embellish our front page with a fine portrait of Mr. Peabody, from a photograph taken in London just before he left for this country. Mr. Peabody went to England in 1837, and established himself as a merchant and banker. His career has been a remarkably successful one; but he is mainly distinguished for his extensive charities, which



MR. GEORGE PEABODY, THE DISTINGUISHED AMERICAN BANKER, OF LONDON, ENGLAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL, REGENT STREET, LONDON.

have been so numerous and judicious as to make him one of the marked men of the age. His first large gift was a bestowment of nearly \$100,000 to his native town of Danvers, for the purpose of founding a town library and institute. He likewise contributed largely to the first Grinnell expedition under Dr. Kane. In 1854 he gave \$300,000 to found a scientific and literary institute at Baltimore, where at one time he resided. His largest benefactions, however, have been to the poor of London, in which city the most of his fortune has been made. These benefactions amount in all to over \$2,000,000, and Mr. Peabody's liberality has received the special acknowledgment of Queen Victoria in a graceful letter of thanks, enclosing her portrait. To elevate the condition of the poor, by providing for them comfortable homes and rational pleasures, is his grand purpose; and he has inaugurated a system which, when extended and consummated, will revolutionize the social life of thousands who are now destitute and degraded. Mr. Peabody presents to the world the noble example of a man who accumulates wealth for the good of his race, and is himself the almoner of his own bounty, imparting his gifts with a prudence and discrimination that will make them a blessing to the world. Though past seventy years of age, he is still an active, vigorous man, with the promise of long years of usefulness and honor.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1866.

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An Evening with the Roughs.

BY JAMES FANTON.

STROLLING up Broadway the other evening, we were roused from our reverie by the unusual appearance of things in front of Hope Chapel. That edifice was built, we believe, for a chapel, and is still occasionally used as such by some eccentric body of religious people on Sunday evenings. On week days, however, it is abandoned to the uses of the world, and any one may hire it, for any lawful exhibition, at reasonable rates. On the evening to which we allude there was a glare of gaslight about the entrance of more than ordinary brilliancy, and a large number of men and boys lounging near the door. Our first thought was that it was a political meeting; for the men evidently belonged to our Ruling Class—such as we see hanging about the City Hall when the Aldermen and Councilmen are in session, and such as do duty in torch-light processions at twenty-five cents a night, torches found, or fifty cents and find your own torch.

But, no; this could not be a political meeting. We were in the strawberry season, and politics do not come in until the fall. A poster opposite the door informed the inquirer that the object of this gathering in Hope Chapel was to witness an exhibition of the Noble Art of Self-Defense. An eminent professor of the Noble Art was about to leave the Metropolis for Baltimore, where he was to meet in battle another distinguished professor of the same, and contend for a prize of a thousand dollars. The "sporting fraternity" were, therefore, invited to come and witness a specimen of his skill, and give him a good "send off" on his great mission. A long list of other eminent boxers had volunteered, and the occasion was to be one which no sporting man could be absent from without doing himself an irreparable wrong. In short—having never seen anything of the kind—we paid our fifty cents and entered.

The Sporting Fraternity does not appear to be very numerous. About two hundred persons were present, who half filled the pews of the chapel. They were diligent in the use of tobacco. Clouds of smoke ascended to the ceiling, and showers of expectoration descended to the floor. We noticed several short-haired, bull-necked men, who sat upright and silent, in pew-corners, and gave up their whole minds to smoking their short, black pipes. There were a good many men present who looked like upper clerks in dry-goods stores; these conversed knowingly upon the merits of illustrious prize-fighters, leaned back, and blew aloft clouds of segar-smoke. The company was better dressed than we had expected, and much more respectable-looking; and there was nothing but the smoking to indicate that the performance about to take place was one upon which a ban of disapproval is supposed to rest. In London, it is said, such exhibitions are attended by young noblemen, students of the universities, and rich old rascals. There did not appear to be present on this occasion any such individuals. The spectators seemed to be about one-third of the bar-keeper-politician class, one-third merchants' clerks, and one-third short-haired, bull-necked, red-faced men, who come to the surface in some mysterious way when there is a prospect of a riot.

The Sporting Fraternity, we fear, are not punctual. The performance, announced for eight, did not begin until nearly nine; nor did

the company manifest any particular impatience. One young gentleman who stood near the door kindly volunteered to break the monotony of waiting. Assuming the authoritative tone of a policeman, he cried out: "Come, clear out of here!" There was a general start; and a few of the more nervous rose to their feet. But the joke was immediately perceived, a languid laugh ensued, and smoking was resumed. We judged from the manners of persons present that interruptions of this nature, both real and sham, were something they were used to.

Toward nine, when the whistlings and yells were beginning to be slightly imperative, a gray-haired man came forward upon the stage to the footlights, and bowed to the company. He was, perhaps, a man of sixty, clad in decent black, and looked very much like a deacon of a church. This venerable sire addressed the audience thus:

"Gentlemen, we shall begin the performance this evening as we begin life—with two minors."

Having said these words, he withdrew. Two newsboys entered, about eleven years of age, dressed in shirt and trousers, with their suspenders strapped around their hips, and wearing boxers' gloves. They made a feint at bowing to the spectators, but it was too evident that their trainer had neglected this part of their education. The voice of the venerable sire, from behind the scenes, was heard. It said, "Time!" The boys then advanced to the middle of the stage, shook hands, grinned, and "squared off."

In our total ignorance of the Noble Art, we are unable to say with what degree of skill these young gentlemen knocked one another about the head. We can only report that they threw themselves into the work with very great energy, and bore their "punishment" with praiseworthy firmness. As they grew warm, they struck out wildly, and sometimes seemed disposed to clinch, and make a rough-and-tumble fight of it; but when this was the case a signal from behind the scenes terminated the "round," and they separated, one going off to the right and the other to the left. By way of acknowledging the laughter and applause which rewarded their efforts, one of the boys, a saucy, red-haired urchin, favored the audience with an imitation of the walk of Mr. Chaufrun in "Mose." At the end of the usual half-minute, the voice of the venerable Master of the Revels was heard calling: "Time!" The combat was renewed with tremendous vigor; the spectators shouting approbation, until, again, the combatants lost their self-possession, and the round was brought to an end. When next the ancient voice was heard, it said: "Time, and the wind-up!" It was well; for, by the time these pugnacious youths had once more got entangled, they were about the hottest, reddest, tireddest pair of boys on Manhattan Island. Not the less, however, did he of the red-hair make his exit in the Mosaic style—meaning to show the company that he was good for something yet, although a little blown.

Two young men next presented themselves, and were introduced to the spectators by the Venerable Sire. This he did by waving his hand toward each of them in turn and pronouncing his name without prefix or appendage, thus: "John Smith. That done, he uttered the word, "Time!" and the strife began. It immediately appeared that these young men were tyros. Their boxing consisted chiefly of feints, which the company perceiving, they were encouraged to a more active contest by such remarks as these: "Come, warm up!" "Go in!" "Why don't you strike out!" "Say, when are you going to begin?" "Rough it a little—can't you?" with many more observations of the same purport. Stimulated by these enlivening expressions, they did "warm up," and fought so well that, when they retired, at the end of the third round, they were honored with considerable applause.

But all this was preliminary to the real performance. The men who next advanced to the footlights—naked to the waist—were evidently persons of high rank in their vocation. One was a short, powerfully-built man; splendidly developed everywhere, except above the eyebrows. The other was lighter in weight, but exceedingly muscular, and he was tattooed all over his chest and arms, like a South Sea Islander. The boxing of these men gave the company the highest satisfaction, and we must confess that we beheld their skill, coolness and endurance with real admiration. We cannot understand how a man can learn to take a blow that might knock down an ox without winking. The gloves, no doubt, mitigate the mere pain of the blow, but not its force. These men gave one another some tremendous blows, any one of which would have knocked the breath out of an ordinary man, or, as one of the company observed, "would have sent him so far beyond the middle of next week that he never would have found his way back again." We were surprised, too, at the rapidity with which a boxer expends his strength. These

men, after three rounds, of about three minutes each, were so thoroughly blown, that they were still hot and heaving half an hour after.

The Sporting Fraternity are not skillful in the art of conducting an exhibition. There was such an exceedingly long interval between the performance of these two athletes and the one announced to follow it, that we concluded we had seen enough of the Noble Art for a beginning, and so resumed our homeward walk.

Musing upon what we had seen, we wondered why so harmless, so useful, so proper an exhibition should be accounted disreputable and wicked. Among the Greeks the highest honors of the State were bestowed upon excellence in such exercises as these. Why should we abandon them to the class whom we stigmatize as Roughs? There is many a puny Sunday-school scholar who is perishing for want of a little of such bold, free, honest exercise as those newsboys daily enjoy. There are a thousand students in our colleges who could better give an hour or two a day to boxing and fencing, then spoil their eyes and narrow their chests over an extra lesson in Greek. Charles Wesley said he could see no reason why the devil should have all the good tunes, nor can we see why the sinner should monopolize all the robust fun.

What we saw that evening in Hope Chapel threw some light upon the puzzling question, why so many bad men (so-called), are strong, and so many good men (so-called), are weak? We do not mean weak merely in bone and muscle, in breathing and digestion; but weak in character, infirm in purpose, without courage, fortitude, or perseverance; abounding in good desires and schemes, but destitute of the force to carry them out. Positively we are half inclined to go into training, and see whether we, too, can bear to take those thundering knocks on the nose with sweet serenity.

The Logical Results.

THE amendment of the Constitution of the United States, abolishing slavery and prohibiting it for ever, was the first great result of the war. But that amendment left the Constitution with many provisions growing out of the recognition and protection of slavery in the original instrument, and further amendments became requisite as logical sequences to the first. For instance: the provision which permitted slaves, claimed to be simply property, to enter in a certain proportion, into the basis of representation, to the political aggrandizement of the slaveholder, and a corresponding detraction from the just political weight of the white voter in the free States. Again, under the old slave code, the negro had few rights; consistently with the theory and practice of slavery, he could have none; and notwithstanding the abolition of slavery, some of the lately rebellious States have undertaken to retain him in substantially the same condition that he held before, ignoring the rights that have accrued to him in virtue of the Constitutional amendment.

For these and many other reasons, there are few people who have not recognized the necessity of further amendments of the Constitution, so as to make the fundamental amendment, which has wrought so profound a change in our system, effective and permanent. Differences of opinion have existed as to the character and extent of these supplementary amendments, but Congress, after long consideration and exhaustive debate, has fixed upon a series, which, in view of their importance, we print entire in another column. They have received the requisite vote of two-thirds in both Houses of Congress, and now require to be adopted by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States.

These resolutions do not involve the sanction of the President; but we believe they embody his views, and will receive his support in such ways as it can be legitimately exercised. He has repeatedly declared himself in favor of granting to the negro the fullest protection in enjoyment of civil rights, or, as the Spanish say, "igualdad ante la Ley." He has gone further, and expressed his willingness to invest him with the franchise under certain conditions. He has still more emphatically declared in favor of making the voting population the basis of representation. He sees no justice in perpetuating a system, born of slave compromises, which gives two white voters in South Carolina a political power equal to five voters in New York. He has often, and with patriotic passion, anathematized treason, and declared that it ought to be made "odious," and it cannot be made so better than by excluding the fomenters of treason and those who violated their oaths of office from the privileges of citizens. The perjurer may not be trusted a second time. That the people of the United States should never be called on to pay a debt contracted by those who sought to subvert the country, and for the purpose of such subversion, seems to be too obvious a proposition to require a prohibition. Mr. Johnson, in permitting the Southern States to exercise any of the functions of Government, made this prohibition a condition pre-

cedent, and will, no doubt, be glad to have it made imperative under the Constitution.

We may, therefore, congratulate the country on the great fact that Congress and the President are in accord on the only really vital issues before the country. The precise time when the lately rebellious States shall be permitted to resume their place in Congress, and be freed from military surveillance, are questions of expediency, on which co-ordinate branches of the Government may honestly differ. No great harm can come from delay; some is possible from precipitation.

The proposed amendments of the Constitution, if speedily acted on, will facilitate "reconstruction," and settle in advance many disturbing questions. There is no reason why, if these amendments be acted on without delay, Congress may not meet in December with complete delegations from all the States. We are pleased to see, therefore, that Gov. Curtin, of Pennsylvania, one of the most patriotic and efficient, as well as one of the most conservative of all our State Chief Magistrates, has suggested the convocation of all the State legislatures, for the special purpose of acting on the Amendments of the Constitution now before the country. All desire to have the matters they pertain to definitely settled. It is equally important for the South and North, and if settled now, will remove many difficult and annoying questions forever from the political arena.

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.—Every one must admit that a very large number of women possess all the mental qualifications necessary to the sensible exercise of the franchise, did it belong to them. A woman who is capable at all of forming an opinion on those matters of interest which occupy a nation, is, of course, perfectly capable of determining whether she will favor the Democratic or the Republican side. The great difficulty about the matter appears to be, that, practically, women do not much interest themselves in politics. The great mass of women do not turn, first of all, to the "leaders" of the morning papers, or rush rapidly to devour the columns which record the proceedings of Congress. They are glad to know that the duty is off tea, or pepper, or silks, or that something has taken place which will, by-and-by, affect the details of their housekeeping. But to say that women, in any very great degree, have political tendencies, or a desire to rush into the arena of active political conflict, is to assume for them a much more vivid interest in what takes place in the great world than they, as a rule, possess. That there are women who do care about the possession of the suffrage we do not for a moment doubt, any more than we deny their perfect capacity to exercise a right judgment in the giving of their vote. But these are women who are distinguished above the majority of their sex; and we maintain that, before women, as a rule, largely desire the ballot, the whole tendency of the average feminine mind must be changed, and the education of women must have had admitted into it elements of thought not existing in the present programme of things considered essential.

NEW BLOOD.—It is a remarkable fact that the population of large cities consists in very great part of immigrants from the healthy country districts. In the agricultural counties, as in nurseries, there are raised to manhood and womanhood large numbers of persons who afterward spend the prime of their days in the great industrial centres, and thus not only actually increase their population, but serve to supply the waste caused by the comparatively early deaths of the inhabitants of great cities. In this way it may be seen that the death-rates of New York, Philadelphia, etc., though so high, by no means represent the actual unhealthiness of such places. Many of their population have come into them after having passed safely through the dangers of childhood—perils encountered in the country, and whose victims are reckoned there, and not in the towns. It is almost proverbial that but few New Yorkers are the descendants of actual born and bred dwellers in the town. Indeed, a rapid survey of one's acquaintance will bring before us more vividly than anything else the fact of the very large number of persons who are either themselves actual immigrants, or whose immediate ancestors have been so.

THE average position of women in Europe is something pitiable. Between the extravagance of the cities and the squalidness of the country, there is not, as here, "the golden mean." We shrink with horror and disgust from the tales which reach us of the depravity and misery in which the women of heathen or savage nations are sunk. Yet one cannot travel through any European country without finding their counterparts. The writer has seen a woman and a donkey jointly dragging a plow in French Brittany; and throughout every department of that country which arrogates to itself the duty of "civilising Mexico" the traveler will find the mass of women doing the work of slaves and beasts. Even in Prussia, you cannot go through a single village where you will not find at least thirty-five who suffer from some deformity, such as enlargement of the neck, from carrying heavy burdens on their heads. They are prematurely old, almost before they are young. At twenty-five they are old women. In peace time it is not much better than in war; they slave from morning till night in the fields, to the neglect of their persons, their children and the interior management of their homes. They are, in fact, upon a par with squaws of the untutored, unlettered red man of the prairie, and this in one of the most civilized of nations, one of the great powers of Europe. Look to it, we say, ye who are placed

in authority amongst men; look to it, ye who live but for the hour and the day. Human nature is sometimes long-suffering; but she often turns round, as the wild beast baited to madness, crushing her tormentors in her fury. It is difficult for a moment to imagine the stage of ignorance which also exists amongst them; they have as much idea of saving for a rainy day as they have of making a fortune; if they are well off, they eat white bread and drink wine; if badly off, they eat black bread and drink water, with the same amount of contentment. We are wont to commiserate the poverty and ignorance of the Irish cabin, and the influence which is so easily obtained over unlettered minds by a crafty priesthood. Alas! this is not the only spot. Would that something could be done to make woman take her proper position in Europe, nor permit herself to sink to a level with a common beast of burden.

The amount of alcohol developed in grape juice by the process of fermentation varies, the average quantity being about 20 per cent. It very rarely indeed exceeds 26, and never 28 per cent. Hence, speaking roughly, it is fair to infer that all wines having a higher alcoholic strength than 26 per cent. are artificially raised to this by the addition of spirit. Now, sherry, as sold in the United States, generally ranges from 30 to 40, and port from 30 to 42. The inference from the fact is easy, if not gratifying.

MR. LAYARD, speaking on behalf of the British Government, when questioned in the House of Commons relative to the bombardment of Valparaiso, tells a very different story from that officially given by Com. Rogers. He asserts, roundly, that the Commodore never offered to join the British Admiral to prevent the bombardment. In his own language, "The statement that the American commander offered, if the British admiral would join him to stop the bombardment, is utterly untrue." Verily, "some one has blundered!" But this is not the worst of it. Mr. Layard continues:

"On the contrary, the American commander admitted the right of the Spanish commander to bombard Valparaiso, although he went to Santiago to remonstrate against such a course. Nor was there any truth in the statement that the American admiral, if he had had sufficient force, would himself have intervened. He never said so. Had his force been ten times greater than that of the Spaniards, he could not have intervened, seeing that it would have been an act of war against Spain. He was informed by the Spanish minister that day that when the American commander went on board the Spanish flagship to remonstrate with the Spanish commander, he said, doubtless as a joke: 'Suppose I put my ship between you and the town, what would happen?' The officer replied: 'You are a sailor, and I am a sailor. You know what your duty would be under those circumstances, and you know how I should fulfill my duty under similar circumstances. If you put yourself between me and the town, it will be my duty to sink you.' Upon this, the American commander shook the Spanish officer warmly by the hand, remarking that he perfectly understood him."

We cannot see how Com. Rogers can remain silent under these imputations on the veracity of his report.

TOWN GOSSIP.

JUPITER PLUVIUS was a propitious deity last Sunday, withholding his hebdomadal frowns and affording bright skies, greatly to the satisfaction of the multitudes who gladly escape from the murky city once a week and enjoy a ramble in the suburbs, and vastly to the delight of other multitudes whose opinions and practice come in collision with the regulations of the Excise Board. Many of these latter, however, believing that they had been put on their good behavior long enough, determined to restore the former order of things, and finding parties willing to satisfy their cravings and brave the terrors of the law, opened anew the fountains of lager and other beverages, and re-enacted the scenes which our good law-makers at Albany complacently flattered themselves would be forever banished from view. But since our worthy Mayor has denounced the Sunday law as possessing "a spirit of intolerance, and striking at the life-long habits and customs of a large class of our people, which are as harmless as they are universal," it is not a matter of surprise that a mass statute is insufficient to curb the propensities and restrain the license, that for years have been gratified with impunity. If our chief executive officer encourages remonstrance to the law, multitudes, with less virtue and acumen, will readily persuade themselves that the violation of the law is in nowise reprehensible.

The signal failure of the Canada invasion has brought Fenian matters into disrepute, and chilled the ardor of the sanguine would-be liberators of Ireland. President Roberts, who was arrested and confined for a short period, has been discharged. With his opportunities of ruminating on the uncertainty of all human (and Fenian) plans, he ought to be a wiser, if not a sadder man. In the meantime the decided falling off in the receipt of funds forebodes anything but promise to the success of a movement that most people regard as both a blunder and a crime.

The usual summer pastimes of the metropolis have occupied a considerable share of attention during the week, and presented a sufficient variety to gratify every taste. Those fond of witnessing the development of sociability and muscle at the same time, wended their way to the Turners' Festival, where agile Teutons performed on ropes, and swings, and wooden horses, and all sorts of gymnastic trappings, until the eye of the spectator was bewildered, and an immense festive throng, with song and wait, found the hours too short for their hilarity.

The annual regatta of the Brooklyn and New York Yacht Clubs were another feature in the sports of the week, that afforded gratification to admiring thousands. The Hoboken regatta was held on the 18th, and passed off very well, although, of course, it was a very inferior affair to those already named.

The turf has contributed its share toward the sports of the week, and in some of the best races on record given the patrons an additional cause of pride. There have likewise been some fine base-ball matches, in which the skill of the defeated parties made almost full amends for the loss of victory.

The "Hub" and the Metropolis, had a friendly contest, through representatives, on Friday night, for superiority in billiard playing. In a skillful and well-contested game, the "Hub" came off victorious. But we shall not envy the fortune of our Boston friends; we know they can do many things well, and are therefore cheerfully disposed to accord the most of praise whenever and wherever it is due.

Appropos of billiards, we would mention that Mr. Carland has opened an elegant room on 14th street, and placed it under the direction of Melvin Foster. There are seven of Kavanagh & Decker's tables, and all the appointments of the establishment are such as to render it a most desirable resort for gentlemen of

taste, who would enjoy a quiet game free from any annoyance.

The appearance of the cholera in Cherry street has set the people to scrubbing, ventilating and fumigating. Instead of creating a panic, the improvement in the public morals since its last appearance is very significant, and evinces considerable progress in civilization.

The theatres present little novelty. Brougham is playing in his own pieces to very good houses. It is quite a treat to see him again in "Pocahontas"—he is really the best-ideal of Powhatan. He looks so real a savage, that his performance alone of that part, would justify his wife in applying for a divorce.

Moss is doing well in his summer campaign, and Barnum, is crowded, as usual.

CONGRESSIONAL PUGILISM.

It is not very long since every member of Congress was liable to be called to account, outside the House, for any sentiments uttered in debate which were not satisfactory to the Hotspurs who disgraced themselves and their country, by their lawlessness and disregard of common propriety. It was a simple logic and an easy method of gaining notoriety to fire upon an unarmed and unsuspecting opponent, or steal upon him unawares and strike him down with a cane. The course of events for the last few years changed this order of things, and members have been allowed to say what they pleased with impunity, provided they observed the rules of the House, without fearing a battered head or disfigured face the first time they ventured to leave their seats.

During the past week, however, this fancied security proved fallacious, and the old spectacle of answering an opponent in debate by brutally pounding his head was presented at the national capital, with all the old-time accompaniments. A few days ago Mr. Grinnell, of Iowa, and Mr. Rousseau, of Kentucky (between whom a bitterness of feeling had existed for some time), indulged in some severe strictures upon each other, Mr. Grinnell being especially intemperate and ungentlemanly. In fact, his manner and language were grossly abusive, and it is unfortunate that the House allowed itself to listen to his tirade without promptly calling him to order and requiring an apology.

Mr. Rousseau comported himself on this occasion with great forbearance and dignity, and the hope was very generally indulged that he would take no further notice of charges that were really more damaging to his opponent, who so unwisely preferred them, than to himself. But Mr. Rousseau did not let the matter rest thus; and meeting his accuser outside of the hall a few days subsequently, he demanded a prompt apology for what he regarded as an unwarrantable insult. The apology being refused, he immediately struck Mr. Grinnell a number of blows with his cane, at the same time loudly declaring the intention of thus disgracing him. No serious injury was inflicted before the parties were separated, but an injury has been inflicted upon the privileges of the House and the good sense of the people at large that cannot be readily repaired. Our representatives are not sent to Washington to establish the prize ring and become proficient with the shillelah. We do not want our national legislature turned into a bear-garden; and when members cannot refrain from the barbarities and puerilities of personal encounters, they should promptly resign, and give place to others who know how to act as gentlemen, and appreciate properly the dignity of their position. Truth cannot be contradicted by caning; a castigation is no legitimate answer to an argument, and any man who resorts to such expedients, proves both the weakness of his cause and his own ignominious nature.

Mr. Rousseau has made a great mistake if he supposes the use of a bludgeon will vindicate either his honor or his character. We have reconstructed the former habits of our representatives, and will no longer tolerate the blackguardism of former days. The sooner Mr. Rousseau, and all others, who like him, may feel disposed to resent their injuries by a resort to violent lawlessness, understand this fact, the sooner will they have a claim to the respect and confidence of their countrymen.

PROPOSED AMENDMENTS OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The following amendments of the Constitution have passed both Houses of Congress by the requisite two-thirds vote, and now require the concurrence of the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States to become integral parts of the Constitution:

Resolved—By the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled (two-thirds of both Houses concurring), That the following articles be proposed to the Legislatures of the several States, as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by three-fourths of said Legislatures, shall be valid as part of the Constitution, namely:

ARTICLE I. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and the States wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or happiness without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

SEC. 2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several States according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons, excluding Indians not taxed. But whenever the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for President and Vice-President, Representatives in Congress, executive and judicial officers, or the members of the Legislatures thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such State, being twenty-one years of age and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation therein shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of male citizens twenty-one years of age in such State.

SEC. 3. That no person shall be a Senator or Representative in Congress, or elector of President and Vice-President, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any State, who, having previously taken an oath as a member of Congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any State Legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any State, to support the Constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid and comfort to the enemies thereof. But Congress may, by a vote of two-thirds of each House, remove such disabilities.

SEC. 4. The validity of the public debt of the United States authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrection or rebellion, shall not be questioned. But neither the United States nor any State shall assume to pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held invalid and void.

SEC. 5. The Congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

No. 4 of this popular and admirably conducted periodical is just out, sustaining, in every respect, the high character of the previous issues. It is so well suited to the tastes of the little folks, and affords such a variety of interesting reading matter,

that it is just the thing for every household, in which instruction and entertainment are happily combined. Parents who wish to put into the hands of their children unexceptionable reading matter, will find the *Children's Friend* just what they need.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from Horace Waters, the well-known publisher of popular and sterling music, the following pieces: "Gen. Scott's Funeral March," which the admirers of the old hero will appreciate; "Sunlight," a sparkling Polka, together with the following songs, viz: "Looking Forward;" "Don't Marry a Man if he Drinks;" and "I'll Marry no Man if he Drinks." The music of all these pieces is by Mrs. Parkhurst, and the publisher has spared no pains to bring them before the public, in a neat and attractive form.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The American Bible Society was organized in 1818. It has printed 21,409,956 Bibles in the half century of its existence, and received contributions during the same period to the amount of \$10,434,983. Due receipts for the year closing March 31, 1866, exceed those of 1861 by \$253,084.12. It has issued during the past five years 6,555,231 books.

One of the most valuable collections of natural history in the United States was destroyed at the recent burning of the Academy of Sciences in Chicago. The ornithological collection had been gathered with great care by the Smithsonian Institute and by Mr. Robert Rinnecut, the Arctic explorer. The museum was valued at \$30,000, and was totally destroyed.

The number of pardons issued by the President up to date: Political pardons, 12,351; criminal pardons, 164. The President has ordered that hereafter no pardon shall be issued to a second party, but must be given to the individual, or sent to the Governor of the State, with the view of breaking-up the pardon-broker nuisance.

The amount of mutilated and redeemed paper-money which the Treasury Department has been daily destroying of late is so great, that the department has determined hereafter to make it into pulp, and estimates that it can thus supply itself with envelopes, saving \$12,000 per annum.

The yield of petroleum in Pennsylvania has fallen off fully one-half since the first of January. The immediate abolition of the tax on crude will revive operations somewhat.

The following are the aggregate products of manufacturers in the three great cities of the West:

Cincinnati	\$46,995,002
St. Louis	\$7,619,070
Chicago	\$18,555,671

Cincinnati produces \$212 94 in manufactures for each one of the population; St. Louis produces \$145 30 to each one; Chicago produces \$94 10 to each.

Throughout the valley of Oil Creek in Pennsylvania are many traces of ancient workings to obtain oil. Over sections embracing hundreds of acres in extent, the surface of the land has at some remote period of time, been excavated in the form of oblong pits, from four by six, to six by eight feet in size. These pits are often from four to six feet in depth, notwithstanding the action of rain and frost for so many years. Some of these pits appear to have been of a circular or oval form, but all to have been excavated with care, and with reference to one design. They are found in the oil region, and over the oil deposits, and in no other place; affording unmistakable evidence of their design and use. The deeper and larger pits appear to have been cribbed up with timber at the sides, in order to preserve their form, and better to adapt them to the end in view.

The largest amount of revenue paid by the British people in any one year was \$70,000,000. The amount which the people of the United States will pay this year will be \$540,000,000.

The State Agricultural Society of Illinois has offered premiums to persons who plant the greatest number of deciduous trees in artificial groves this spring, the same to be counted in the fall and the premiums to be paid in January, 1867. This is a movement of peculiar value to the West, where the boundless prairies are without shade, and where the value and beauty of every homestead would be so much increased by trees.

Of the loyal States, New England lost the heaviest proportion of killed and wounded, in the men it contributed to the national army—nearly 45 per 1,000; the Western States next, 37 per 1,000; the Middle States about 33 per 1,000; and the Border States 25 per 1,000. Kansas heads the list of States—more than half the able-bodied men there entered the army, and 61 of every 1,000 of them were killed or died of wounds. Vermont stands next on the list—her losses in killed and those who died of wounds amounted to upward of 68 per 1,000. Massachusetts lost nearly 45 per 1,000; New Hampshire over 47.

The Senate Committee on Foreign Relations proposes a substitute for the House resolution in respect to the Paris Exposition, by which the sum of \$131,400 is appropriated, to enable American exhibitors to participate in the great show. Mr. Grimes offered an amendment that no money should be paid nor any officers appointed until we are sure that the French troops are to be taken out of Mexico.

The Fenian excitement has died out. The United States Government, however, appears resolved on prosecuting the leaders in the late aggressive movement, and with the close of these trials, probably, the end of Fenianism, for the present, will come.

Judge Underwood has refused to admit Jefferson Davis to bail, on the ground of non-jurisdiction, the defendant being held by the military power of the Government.

A tornado destroyed an old building at Bamberg, S. C., a few days ago, killing seven children, who were playing inside.

Recently conventions of the various religious denominations have been held in the various Southern States. At nearly all of these steps were taken for the education of the freedmen, each sect providing for the religious and secular instruction of the colored members of the church. Among the zealous leaders in this movement is Bishop Quinlan, of the Episcopal Diocese of Tennessee.

An experiment was made last week in this city, with Marshall's Fire Annihilator. This consists of a number of pipes leading through the building and attached to the ceiling. These pipes are perforated, so that, on a steam fire-engine being attached to the street pipe, a very heavy shower of rain was thrown into the building. No fire could have withstood such a deluge. There were many spectators present, all of whom were satisfied of its great utility.

Cotton in Georgia has commenced to blossom. The recent rains have overwhelmed the crop in many places with grass. Wheat throughout the State is harvested, and although the crop turns out better than was feared some time ago, it is by no means excellent.

The American and Western Union Telegraph Companies are about forming a union of interests, which will control and operate all the territory and connect all points of importance from Newfoundland to San Francisco and Vancouver's Island. From the latter point a line to St. Petersburg will be done within a year, and Omba and the West Indies will be connected.

The Italian ship Napoleon Oneghero, which sailed from Marseilles for Callao on the 9th of March, with 600 coolies on board, was burned on the second day out, and all on board are supposed to have perished. The coolies revolted early in the day, and when ordered to surrender, threw some burning material into the hold

of the vessel. The crew managed to lower a boat and escape in it; but there being 8,000 boxes of Chinese fire-crackers in the hold, an explosion took place before the coolies could escape.

The Nebraska newspapers announce that the new State organization has been carried by the Union party, with a Union majority in both branches of the Legislature.

Foreign.—A discovery, of at least as vital importance for Egyptology as the celebrated Rosetta Stone itself, was lately made in Egypt by a party of four German explorers—Reinisch, Eder, Lepsius and Weidenbach—at a place called Sane, the widow Tanis, the principal scene of Ramesses II.'s enormous architectural undertakings. A stone, with Greek characters upon it, was found protruding from the ground, and when fully excavated, proved to contain a bilingual inscription, in no less than thirty-seven lines of hieroglyphics and seventy-six lines of Greek, in the most perfect state of preservation, and dating from the time of the third Ptolemy, Euergetes I., in 238 B. C. The stone measures two metres twenty-two centimetres in length and seventy-eight centimetres in width, and is completely covered by the inscriptions. Their first attempts at editing this important inscription having failed, the travelers returned to the spot, and, during a stay of two days (the 22d and 23d of April), copied the inscription most carefully, and photographed it three times.

A clever bit of roguery has just been stopped by the police of Paris, who have caught the authors at their work. A well-dressed man has been in the habit of going into a shop, buying a trifling article, and giving a twenty-franc gold piece. On receiving his change, he declares it was a twenty-franc piece; and, when the dispute becomes warm, says it is very easy to prove it: "My piece of twenty francs is a very old one of the reign of Louis Philippe, and has a scratch across it." Sure enough, it is found, and the change for twenty francs must be given. But some time before his accomplice has been to the same house, bought a trifle, and given this marked twenty-franc piece, and the game is continued till the harvest is sufficient.

The *Vossische Zeitung*, a moderate Liberal paper of Berlin states that the exasperation against the Prussian Government is unbounded in Wurtemberg, and that deep hatred of Count Bismarck fills all hearts. Among the soldiers in the South an uncontrollable spirit manifests itself, and fears are expressed lest the Cabinet be molested by Bismarck should and in a German civil war. "The photograph of Ferdinand Illard," says the paper in the *Vossische*, "is exhibited in the shop-windows of Stuttgart, wreathed with immortelles; and people loudly declare him to be a second William Tell." From another source it is stated that the "Landwehr" men of Sigmaringen, who are called out for service in the Prussian army, kissed the portrait when marching the streets, and gave enthusiastic cheers, amid tears, in honor of the deceased.

There is a variety of good stories told at the London clubs with reference to the late panic, for men will have their joke even upon serious subjects. A celebrated barrister, who had invested a small sum in Overend & Gurney's Company, met a friend to whom he communicated his loss. "Five hundred," said the latter, "that must have quite upset you." "Not at all," responded the wit, "I only lost my balance."

An extraordinary accident occurred to a little girl living at Southsea, on the 23d ult. It appears that she had been sent out to a neighboring public-house with a glass bottle for some stout, and on her return she fell and broke the neck of the bottle. In falling, however, her neck came upon the jagged ends of the broken glass, which penetrated one of the main arteries, and the flow of blood was so profuse that death ensued almost immediately afterward.

Prussia, as is well known, possesses a special manufacture, from which she draws considerable profits—that of cannon and materials connected with artillery. Several large factories of great renown have, for many years, with the consent of the Government, supplied pieces of cannon to a number of States. The export of these arms has now been forbidden, the only exceptions being those which have been purchased for the United States of America, Asia or Africa, and the destination of which shall be well authenticated.

From the summary of the number of exhibitors, and the demands for space in the Paris Exhibition of 1867, which has just been made up, it appears that the number of proposing-exhibitors, exclusive of the fine arts, is 2,280. In 1855 the number was 1,511. The total net space demanded in the forthcoming Exhibition exceeds 305,000 square feet (exclusive of space demanded in the park). The net space at the disposal of the British executive is 93,000 square feet, or considerably less than one-third of the space asked for. In 1855 the net space filled was 65,000 square feet.

There is a colliery shaft in Belgium 323 yards in depth. In Saxony there is another upward of 300 yards; and in the Dukinfield Colliery the black mine has been followed to the depth of 940 yards from the surface.

Mr. Francis Mahony, for several years past the Parisian correspondent of the *London Globe*, died at Paris a few days ago. Mr. Mahony, who was a native of Cork, was at one time well known in London literary circles as "Father Prout," under which designation he published some thirty years ago a series of most amusing articles: "The Prout Papers," in *Fraser's Magazine*. To this periodical he, as well as the late Dr. Maginn and Sergeant Murphy, both Cork men, were frequent contributors. His translation into Greek and Latin of some of Moore's melodies, and of some well-known Irish songs, such as "The Groves of Blarney" and "The Night before Larry was Strained," showed considerable power of language and of humor. "The Prout Papers" were collected and published in one volume, and passed through several editions.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE.—The *Academies* and visitors to Saratoga Springs will be much pleased to learn that Mr. Edwin A. Brooks, the popular proprietor of the great New York Bot and Shoe Emporium, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel, has opened a large branch store at Saratoga Springs. Mr. Brooks is so well-known and so much respected by all who know him, both in and out of business, that, in addition to the pleasure it will give his old New York customers to see his pleasant face, combining the *utile cum dulci* and improving his fortune and health at the same time, there will be the convenience of not having to send for their boots and shoes to the Empire City. The ladies will be especially gratified, as we all know how pretty ankles are improved when their shoes and gaiters are made by so accomplished an artist as Mr. Brooks, who may be said to have carried his science to its utmost limit.

"The Princess Helena of England," says the *Gazette de France*, "by her marriage with Prince Christian of Anhalt-Bernburg, will become the niece of a New York lady named Lee. The family of this latter, some years ago, established themselves at Paris, hoping, as it is not unusual with rich Americans, to form an alliance with some noble European family. There were two young ladies, both of whom attained their wish, as one married Baron Wachtler, Minister of Wurtemberg at Paris, and the other some time after inspired with the warmest love Prince Frederick, brother of the late Sovereign Duke of Anhalt-Bernburg, and uncle of the present Princeess. The marriage took place at the United States Embassy at Paris, and the bride and bridegroom married for the East on a wedding tour. They had reached Beyrout in Syria, when the Prince was taken ill and died. His widow returned to Paris, to the house of her sister, the Baroness Wachtler, and now becomes aunt of an English Princess."

The comparative magnitude of the planets is as follows: Supposing the earth to be 12in. in diameter, then Herschel is 4ft. 5in., Saturn 10ft., Jupiter 11ft. 3in., Venus 11 1/2 in., Mars 6 1/2 in., Mercury 4 1/2 in., Pallas 3 1/2 in., Juno 2 1/2 in., Ceres 1 1/2 in., and Vesta only one-third of an inch. The sun is 111ft. 5in., and the moon 3 1/2 in.



GAINES'S MILL, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.

GAINES'S MILL, VA.

It is just four years since the splendid army of the Potomac ended the celebrated Peninsular campaign in disappointment and disaster. After seven days of as brave fighting as the world ever witnessed the army, defeated, though not disgraced, gladly sought the protection of the gunboats, and made its escape from the fatal swamps of the Chickahominy, leaving thousands of its brave men a sacrifice to the Moloch of war, and barely forcing its way against the almost irresistible masses of the enemy to a place of security. The battle of Gaines's Mill, the second in the seven days' series, was the most bloody, obstinate, and disastrous of the whole, the losses on each side being fearful, and the combat ending only with the day. The mill from which the battle derived its name was burned during the engagement, and has not been rebuilt.

Our Artist has sketched the ruins as they now appear, and we reproduce them on this page, together with a view of Glendale Church and the cemetery for Union soldiers adjacent to it. The battle of Glendale has sometimes been called the battle of Frazier's Farm, but it is more generally known by the former name. The church is four miles from Malvern Hill, another memorable point in the famous retreat of the Peninsular army. The cemetery embraces an enclosure of about two acres, and in it are interred all the bodies of



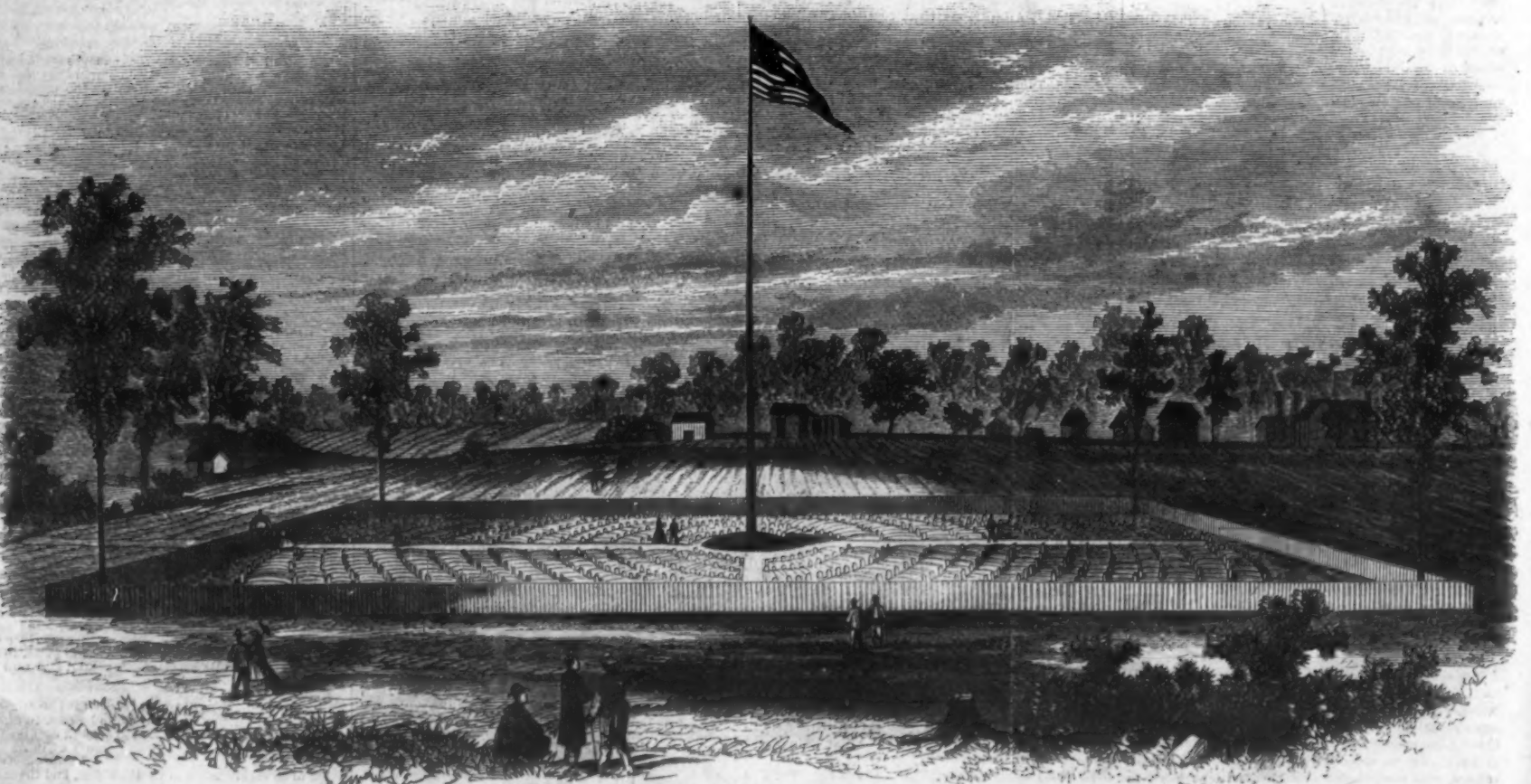
GLENDALE CHURCH, VA., THE LOCALITY OF ONE OF THE "SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES."

our soldiers who fell at Glendale, White Oak Swamp, and Malvern Hill that could be identified. About 3,000 patriots have found a resting-place within this simple enclosure. These places will ever have a historic interest, and as this week is the anniversary of the terrible battles near Richmond, it seems a fitting time to call attention to scenes and localities that were so prominent in our great national struggle.

ROBERT DENISON HOLMES,
Most Worshipful Grand Master of Free
and Accepted Masons of the State of
New York.

The subject of this sketch was born at East Haddam, Conn., on the 13th June, 1822. His parents soon afterward removed to this city, and here his school-boy days were passed. At the age of thirteen he entered the law-office of Horace Holden Esq.; but soon after, craving a more exciting life, engaged in an importing house as custom-house and shipping clerk. From the force of association, he was led to the sea, and at sixteen shipped before the mast, from whence, in four years, he had risen to be chief mate of a ship in the European trade.

His father died in 1841, and this sad event determined him to settle in New York, where he could be near his



UNION SOLDIERS' CEMETERY AT GLENDALE, VA., OR FRAZIER'S FARM.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAS. E. TAYLOR.



ROBERT D. HOLMES, ESQ., GRAND MASTER OF THE GRAND LODGE OF FREE MASONRY OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LEWIS.

mother, and cherish her in her declining years. In casting about for the means of employment, the idea of the law again suggested itself, and he therefore placed himself under the care of John W. Mulligan, Esq., at the same time supporting himself and mother by his pen, contributing to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and other periodicals of the day.

In 1846 Mr. Holmes was admitted to the bar, and, by his industry and ability, has secured an extensive and lucrative practice, in both the civil and criminal courts.

In 1852 Mr. Holmes was initiated in the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons. Within a brief period he was one of a number of applicants to form Mystic-Tie Lodge, and was unanimously chosen Master, to which position he was annually re-elected for eleven years.

In 1860 he received appointment as District Deputy Grand Master for the Third Masonic District, and in 1864 he received the highest vote for Deputy Grand Master, and the following year was unanimously elected Grand Master of Free and Accepted Masons, to which position he was again elected, at the late annual communication, a compliment well-deserved by his careful attention to the onerous duties of the office, and his studious endeavor to promote the welfare of the Craft. He was for six years Masonic editor of the *New York Dispatch*, and is now connected with the musical and dramatic department of that journal.

In person, Mr. Holmes is about of the medium height, with a slight tendency to embonpoint. He is a ready and forcible speaker, and, in the very prime of his days and faculties, may reasonably look forward to a career of usefulness and success. His position is a proof that honest and well-sustained endeavor must, sooner or later, meet its reward.

SAMUEL SINCLAIR, ESQ.

SAMUEL SINCLAIR, whose portrait we give on this page, is a native of this State, having been born in Chautauque county, in 1822. He can boast a patriotic ancestry: His grandfather, Major Samuel Sinclair, distinguished himself in the war of 1812. His father was a worthy mechanic being a good carpenter and especially skilled and celebrated as a millwright. He also had a taste for military life, and passed through the various grades of office, up to that of colonel, with marked distinction. He died in 1848.

Mr. Sinclair's mother, who is still living, is a native of Vermont, and at an early age emigrated with her parents to Chautauque county, being among the first settlers of that region.

The subject of this sketch came to this city in 1841, and entered the *Tribune* establishment as cashier, book-keeper, subscription and mail clerk. He filled all these positions up to about 1848, when, the labor becoming altogether too burdensome, he was obliged to relinquish the different positions one by one, except cashier and book-keeper, which he continued to fill till 1858, when he was appointed publisher of the *Tribune*, which position he has held since then, except during 1864. By his energy and dogged perseverance, and faith in the principles of the *Tribune*, he aided materially in putting the circulation of that paper to the enormous number of 285,000 copies; a much larger circulation than ever before obtained by any newspaper, which comparative circulation we believe it still holds.

He was married in Amherst, N. H., in 1848, to Char-

lotte A. Perry, a niece of Mr. Greeley, and an estimable woman, by whom he has three children, a son and two daughters. Having been constantly engaged in the business department of the *Tribune*, he has not taken much public part in politics out of his own Ward, but he has been earnest and radical in his opinions. The best evidence of Mr. Sinclair's ability and faithfulness is his long connection with the *Tribune*, and its prosperity under his management.

DEDICATION OF THE ITALIAN CHURCH

Of St. Anthony of Padua.

On the 10th of June, 1866, a neat but modest structure in Sullivan street, New York, was solemnly dedicated by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of the diocese, Dr. McCloskey, as the Church of St. Anthony of Padua, intended as a place of worship for the

Italians residing in New York. Some of these are wealthy merchants and well-to-do traders, but the mass are of the humble class: workers in marble, painters, and itinerant musicians. These will now have the gospel preached to them in their own liquid tongue. The church will be under the direction of the Franciscan friars, an order which began missions in Canada as early as 1615. On the occasion of the dedication, the church was filled to its utmost capacity. Before the solemn High Mass, the Archbishop moved around the new church in procession, according to the rite prescribed by the Roman Pontifical, and with prayer and incense and sprinkling, dedicated it to the worship of Almighty God.

Then followed the solemn High Mass, sung by the Provincial of the Order in this country, the very Rev. Pamfilo da Magliano, assisted by Rev. F. Leo da Saccena, O. S. F., of Winstead, Conn., as Deacon, and Rev. A. Pfeiffer, O. S. F., as Sub-deacon. The Archbishop delivered an impressive sermon in English, and after Post Communion, the Pastor, the Rev. Leone Pacilio, returned thanks in Italian in a short address to the Archbishop, expressing to him the gratitude of his flock, and their endeavor to render their church such, by their zeal and Christian virtues, as best to testify to the sincerity of their gratitude.

The music on the occasion, directed by Mr. William Bergé, was especially fine and appropriate.

THE DOUBTFUL TOMB OF VIRGIL.—The locality of the grave of many a genius is now lost to the world. Even the tomb of Virgil, near Naples, which has been for so many centuries visited by travelers, and regarded by them with veneration, as having once retained the ashes of the great poet, cannot be pronounced with confidence genuine. It is a small square building with a rounded roof, and stands on the very brink of a precipice immediately above the entrance to the subterranean tunnel of Posillipo, a beautiful, and we learn, faithful view of which was given in Waugh's "Italy." The old entrance to the tomb has been enlarged, and a modern window cut through the wall. The interior is a vaulted cell about twelve feet square, having many small recesses for urns. The urns, if ever any filled these recesses, are now wanting; and with them, of course, the one containing the ashes of the great



THE DEDICATION OF THE ITALIAN CHURCH OF ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA, IN SULLIVAN STREET, N. Y., BY THE MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP McCLOSKEY, ON SUNDAY, JUNE 10TH.

MET AT LAST.

BY R. C. SPENCER.

"Yes, and a dearer one
Yet, than all other."

Look, here she lies now, dead at my feet,
With the death-dew scarce yet dried on her brow;
It is thus, then, O God, that at last we meet,
And the waters have ended a broken vow!

Look at her silk! Is the tale not told?
See, the braid of her tresses is glossy and smooth!
I remember her neat little dresses of old,
And the eyes laughing out through the curls—
all truth!

I remember the days when a clear voice rang,
Through an old gray church, with a tottering tower,
And I fancy the notes fell low as they sang
Of a peace we should long for in that last hour.

When did I meet her last? On the night
When she swore to be mine, my lov'd one alone.
Well, I look'd in her passionate eyes so bright,
And I kiss'd her—and then at the dawn she was flown!

Flown, with the lie on her red rose lips—
Gone, with my kiss yet warm on her!—gone!
And over my heart fell a deadly eclipse;
For a sun set then that has never since shone.

Little white feet, was your tread too light,
Or sad and weary, to end like this?
Ah, you walked in a dream to a bridge one night,
While she thought of the waves with a fearful bliss.

Poor little soft hand, clammy and thin,
Many longed for you once—you are changed
since then!

Bound, placid white throat, dimple-arched chin,
You are cold, and those eyes cannot open again!

Yet, 'tis hard, too, to meet just as we have met,
(For I loved her so dearly, so purely, so well)—
To walk by a bank, see a dead woman, wet,
And to find that the features are those you can tell!

To know that the body borne down by the stream,
And the dark hair drenched by the waves below,
Are those you have worshiped! It must be a dream,
To fancy that face is the same face!—No—

'Tis the same sweet mouth, and the same little head,
And the labes lie near where the light once shone;
The cheeks are her cheeks, though the roses have fled—
I have kiss'd these lips in the days long gone!

Close wrap her gay clothes over her form,
And my cloak—I had rather her face were not seen—

Lay her there. She is cold, but her grave will be warm;
After all, death is better than life has been!

She will be nearer the new-mown grass,
Nearer the scent of the flowers He gave;
Pure stars will light her instead of the gas,
Angels at eve may pass over her grave.

I leave her. Our meeting is all too late.
If prayers would avail, how I'd pray for her now!
I take a last look at my life's one fate,
And I plant my last pitying kiss on her brow.

I leave her, my lov'd one, faded and wan;
No sun of the morning can open her eyes;
Now I know how it is, when all hope is gone,
That they look on the river and long for the skies.

Poisoned by Mistake.

THE NIGHT OF THE STORM.

TOWARDS the close of the sixteenth century, when the belief in soothsayers and sorcerers (a belief so common amongst the uneducated and ignorant of all classes and all ages) had as yet by no means begun to die out, there resided in the fine old city of Antwerp one of those arch-impostors and charlatans, by name Leopold Wintzer. The man was precisely of the Cagliostro stamp—that is to say, his character was a mixture of genius, impudence and artful imposture. Such then, however, we well know, did not want for credulous followers.

It was the evening of a fine summer day, between seven and eight o'clock, and the red rays of the setting sun threw a gleam on the antiquated gables of the old necromancer's dwelling, at the door of which he sat upon an old oaken stool, according to the fashion of the day, taking the evening air previous to his retirement for the night and after the close of his day's labors. He was past eighty years of age now, and unable to devote half the night to astute calculations, as was the way of the junior members of his craft. Before the old man stood, on a low bench, a black jack of Rhine beer and a loaf of coarse brown bread, with a piece of Gruyère cheese. Rich though he certainly was, yet he was, like most of his profession, miserly to a degree. Crouched at his feet, gibbering and making faces, was an enormous black ape of frightful visage, regarded by the superstitious patrons of the old wizard as his familiar spirit. The animal, however, in spite of his ill-omened looks, was in truth most good-tempered and amusing, and extremely attached to his master. This uncouth attendant and an old shriveled crone (if possible still uglier), formed the whole of this curious household. It is only due, however, to the poor old lady to state that her looks, like those of the monkey, belied her heart, for she was of a most gentle and amiable disposition.

Old Wintzer sat musingly at his supper, now throwing a morsel of cheese to his monkey (and quite unconscious that the ungrateful rascal was mimicking his every gesture), and now looking absently at the sky, over the face of which darkness was fast gathering. Dame Charlot, the housekeeper, sat just behind her master in the curious old-fashioned doorway, turning her spinning-wheel with a nimbleness of finger that might have been profitably imitated by many a young maiden of the good old city. A few minutes passed thus, when the old woman suddenly raised her head.

"Master,"
"Ag, Dame." (For so Master Wintzer always styled Charlot.)

"You clouds, sure, bode a storm."
"Yes, yes; trust Bertram for that." As the old man said this, he glanced at the ape, who was distorting his features with most frightful vehemence; for it is a most curious fact that impostors of the stamp of Wintzer were so accustomed to hear of the supernatural powers of their "familiar" from the tongues of their thousand and one deluded disciples, that they ended by themselves believing that which they had at first intended to be a deliberate cheat, just as a slanderer will set afloat a malicious story on mere hearsay, and end by convincing himself he is speaking the simple truth.

"Sure, sure," muttered the old lady, trembling; for she was a devoted believer in the supernatural powers of both man and monkey. "Quiet, quiet, good Bertram." The ape, however, paid no heed to her; indeed, the poor creature was simply excited by that vague terror which possesses nearly all the animal creation at the approach of a thunder-storm.

Meanwhile the sun had just sunk, like a great globe of burnished gold, behind the black bank of cloud which now enveloped the sky; and the swollen waves of the Scheldt, turgid and restless, gave forth that melancholy monotone which so often presages a hurricane of no slight force. One by one the good people of Antwerp withdrew from their door-steps to the more secure accommodation of their chambers. Lights began to appear at the windows, and the big drops of rain which began sullenly to fall, uttered, as it were, a warning to the last lingerers to withdraw from the street to the shelter of their houses.

Dame Charlot glanced anxiously at her master, awaiting the signal to withdraw; for, with that reverence which at the period existed in domestic servants toward their employers, she would not have ventured to rise without his example. The old necromancer, however, appeared still lost in thought, when suddenly the attention of both master and housekeeper was drawn to an object proceeding at a rapid rate down the narrow street. This was an old and heavy traveling-carriage, drawn by six mules, adorned with feathers and bells, and advancing with a celerity quite astonishing, considering the ponderous nature of the vehicle. The old man and the dame gazed on in open-mouthed astonishment until the carriage was opposite their door, when the postillions stopped with one accord, probably from seeing that the wizard and the old woman were the only persons abroad in the street. Struck speechless with surprise at the unlooked-for visitation, the old man, now thoroughly roused from his reverie, could only stare in silence, and Dame Charlot was quite overcome with awe at the grandeur of this apparition. Whilst both stood thus uncertain how to act, a young man, of very handsome aspect, showing his head through the aperture of the vehicle (for glass windows were not known), inquired, with a strong Spanish accent:

"Can I have accommodation here for the night for a young lady who is very ill?"

"I do not keep a hostelry," said the old necromancer, bluntly, and somewhat rudely, for he wasaverse to strangers, and especially to foreigners.

"Pardon," said the stranger; "but I had thought by the sign which hangs yonder—"

"The Herr need not mind that; it is usual in this country for all trades to hang out their signs—even cobblers and butchers. I am an alchemist, that is all, and if the Herr needs accommodation, why, at the Golden Fleece, yonder, there are good apartments and—"

"But," broke in Dame Charlot, timidly, for she was afraid of her master, yet had a woman's sympathy with her sex, "is the lady so very ill?"

The young man uttered a deep sigh.

"Very; and I would pay—pay well, so that we could be sheltered."

"A—h, ah!" said Wintzer, sharply, "that alters the whole affair. I am a poor man" (the old man was rich as a Jew), "and if the Herr does not mind paying—"

Here a groan of pain burst from the carriage.

"No, no, I do not mind paying," said the stranger, hastily; "but let us make haste."

"Yes, yes," said Dame Charlot; "and besides, poor thing, the noise of an inn would do her no good; and here am I, a skilled nurse, to look to the poor dear. And you will not mind paying me, too?" she added, aside.

"I will pay all, everything, so that you make haste," returned the young man, descending from the vehicle, and immediately bearing a young lady in his arms into the old necromancer's dwelling, where she was speedily placed upon the couch in a half-fainting state. "Oh!" exclaimed he, "is there no skilled leech at hand that can be sent for, or my wife will die?"

"There is Master Hans Früchen, over the way, a worthy, skilled soul," said Dame Charlot, "whom I will speedily fetch if your lordship desire it."

"Fetch him, then; and for heaven's sake be quick!"

"Dame Charlot needed no second bidding, for the occasion offered a favorable opportunity for gossip (of which she did not get much in her dull life); besides, she plainly saw she should now be a person of considerable importance, which is a reflection especially dear to the hearts of all women. Nothing does a woman so like as to appear, even if she is not, of importance to somebody. It is her 'elixir vite.' All women, even the very

best, like to be of consequence. They must be general over some small army, or some individual, or else at once surrender at discretion. He thought the worthy housekeeper, and donning her scarlet woolen hood, and slipping her feet into her sabots, she was speedily on her way to the town. But two minutes had elapsed ere she returned, bringing with her a mild, pleasant-looking man, of middle age, of grave yet attractive demeanor, on whose face the word "Doctor" was as legibly inscribed as if it had been branded there in actual letters. Without a single unnecessary word he saluted all in the room, and then, with the quiet confidence of his profession, advanced toward the patient's sofa. Still silently he felt her pulse, looked at her attentively for a moment, and then turning to her husband, said, interrogatively:

"An accident to madame?"

"My wife has been shaken by the overturn of our carriage some six hours back," was the reply.

"Ah! and madame's present condition is—"

"You are right," hurriedly interrupted the young man; "she is within a few weeks of her confinement."

"Oh! oh!" interposed old Wintzer; "I did not bargain for—"

"Silence, pray silence, monsieur," said the doctor, quietly, but authoritatively.

"A baby! oh, dear!" gasped poor Dame Charlot, aside, to herself.

"Monsieur," said the doctor, addressing himself to the lady's husband, "I do not apprehend serious consequences, but for the present I prescribe utter and entire quiet. Let madame be at once removed to bed in that room of the house least exposed to noise. Give her presently some white wine, and a few morsels of something nourishing, such as a fowl, for example, and let her then endeavor to sleep. I will send over some necessary soothing draughts, and will myself come over in the morning. One question, monsieur, that I may know whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"I am Don Carlos Estevan, and a grandee of Spain. The lady is, of course, my wife."

The doctor bowed low.

"On whom may I depend to see my orders carried out? much depends on nursing and—"

Dame Charlot came forward, and making a low reverence, said:

"You may depend on me, Herr Doctor."

The doctor looked at her in some doubt, not unmixed with surprise.

"You? I know you well, my worthy neighbor; you are most excellent, most trustworthy, but this is a case where—"

"I am equal to it, my Herr, if it would please you to try me." And something in the good old lady's look resolved the doctor, for he immediately returned, with some show of confidence:

"Well, be it so, friend Charlot; we will try." And he took his departure with that noiseless and easy gait so peculiar to the distinguished of his profession.

The young wife lay on the sofa in a state half-waking, half-sleeping, the immediate effects of her fall having departed, and a still languor succeeded the shock. Her husband sat by her side, with one of her hands clasped in his own, and regarded her from time to time with looks of anxious fondness beyond description.

She was a very beautiful young woman, not, perhaps, of the highest type of beauty, although we are well aware it is quite *comme il faut* that all heroines of romance should be "exquisitely lovely." Such epithets, however, could not be truthfully applied here. Donna Estevan was a true Andalusian, with the large dark eyes and black hair peculiar to the ladies of that province. Such charms, however, are somewhat marked by the dark—not to say swarthy—complexion which usually accompanies them. Moreover, the women of Andalusia are fascinating chiefly for their arch sprightliness and vivacity, such as it could not be expected the poor listless patient could exhibit under the circumstances. The young pair sat thus alone, for the old man had retired to his laboratory, since, feeling disinclined (from the excitement and novelty of the occurrence), to retire to rest, he purposed to devote some hours to the composition of certain of his mystic chemical preparations. Dame Charlot, overcome by the dignity of her appointment to the combined offices of head nurse and cook, had withdrawn to the kitchen in a state of much importance and officiousness.

"Ah!" she said, apostrophizing a fat fowl which she had already killed and plucked, and was now basting before a bright fire—"ah, what a night! Only think that ever I should be roasting a fowl in this kitchen where bread and cheese (and little enough of that) has been our supper nine-and-thirty years; but I don't grudge it the dear young lady, though 'twould fetch good twenty pence at the market come Thursday. Ah! master'll make 'em pay for it!"

Here there came a loud knock at the door, which made the old woman start prodigiously. However, it was only the doctor's boy with the draughts; so the dame gave him a couple of apples (a most unusual piece of liberality) and sent the well-pleased urchin about his business. Then she proceeded to lay the cloth for supper, which she served up in the room where the sick lady lay.

"Madame will eat some of this beautiful bird, I know," croaked worthy Charlot, as she removed the covers. "Such a fine pullet, to be sure, comes expensive; but then, monsieur—"

"Pray have the kindness to leave us in quiet. We are much obliged to you for your attention," interrupted Donna Estevan; "but we would prefer not being waited upon."

"Oh, certainly, if madame wishes it," said the good-natured housekeeper, rather gratified than otherwise, as, indeed, it was impossible to take offense at the soft, melodious tones of the beau-

tiful speaker; and hastily courtesying, she withdrew.

"Try to take a morsel, Maria, dearest," said the young Don, placing before his wife a small portion of the white meat of the fowl; "just one morsel, for my sake."

"Oh, I cannot, Carlos; I feel oppressed by I know not what foreboding. Can we not leave this dreary place presently?"

"To-night? Impossible, love; but, for my part, I think these uncouth people seem kind."

"Kind, yes; but the place is so gloomy, and that old woman so chattering, and that horrible ape—oh?" and the poor lady shivered.

"Maria, dearest, illness makes you petulant. It is impossible to leave in this tempest; besides, the good people would be hurt. It is not unusual for people in your condition to have these gloomy fancies, I believe. To-morrow, if you wish it, and the good physician permits, we will remove to another lodging. Come, eat a little, dear wife."

Donna Estevan tried to smile; and, to quiet the solicitude of so loving a husband, ate a few morsels of the bird and drank a glass of the wine. Then they engaged in a little conversation, and by the time supper had concluded, both were in a cheerful frame of mind. Thus an hour elapsed, when Dame Charlot knocked at the door.

"Will madame please to retire to bed?" said she.

"You must go, dearest," said the young man; "the physician ordered it so."

The wife signified her acquiescence; and taking her in his arms, he carried her to an upper room prepared for her. He himself was to rest on the sofa in the room they had just quitted, which Dame Charlot would, presently, by the aid of blankets and sheets, transform into a couch. Then he kissed his wife and returned below, leaving the assiduous Dame Charlot to act the part of lady's-maid to Donna Estevan.

Dame Charlot carried a bottle in each hand.

"See, madame, you are to take one draught before sleeping and one in the morning," she said, after having undressed her patient and safely placed her in bed. "Shall I give madame the first, now?"

"No, not yet, thank you, madame," uttered the soft, silvery voice of the Spanish lady. "See first to make my husband comfortable below. I cannot sleep as yet. It is now ten. Return, pray, at midnight, if you have not retired."

"Oh, not at all; I shall sit up all night for madame. I am a first-rate nurse, I, as madame pleases; I will come back at twelve." And she withdrew with the bottles.

Outside the door she carefully set the phials down on a wooden bracket on the landing, to be conveniently at hand on her return. Then she opened the door of an opposite chamber, which was, in truth, her master's laboratory, and looked in. The old man sat absorbed in some chemical operation, whilst at his feet, intently watching him, crouched Bertram the ape, his inseparable companion.

"Master," said Charlot, "it is time to retire."

"I intend to sit up—I have work in hand," replied the necromancer, without looking up.

"And I also," said Dame Charlot. "I shall sit up for my patient, master."

"As you will."

"Good-night, master."

"Good-night."

And she closed the door and went down to prepare the young Don's bed. Then she took up her watch until midnight in the old arm-chair by the kitchen fire. In half an hour all was still, and the household apparently hushed in repose.

AQUAFORTIS.

THE old necromancer sat in his laboratory with his whole mind engrossed by the operation he was performing, an experiment in which aquafortis played the principal part.

It was a curious old room; and though in these enlightened days it would have been looked upon by visitors as merely an old curiosity shop, and nothing more, yet in those days of thick ignorance and superstition it was calculated, and well calculated, to impress with mysterious awe such of the credulous public as found their way into its precincts. Indeed the old charlatan had studiously completed its arrangements with a design to produce this effect. It had but one window, which was set in a heavy wooden framework and draped with sombre-looking curtains of some black material, giving it a most lugubrious effect. On a long, low flat table, before the embrasure, were set out in grim array a variety of heterogeneous objects, among which human skulls were prominent subjects of notice. Vipers' skins, monstrosities of all sorts, and various bottles of colored oils were there in abundance; and over all, suspended from the ceiling by a silken string, was a large and exceedingly well-executed model of the planetary system. The four walls of the room were draped with black, on which were figured in white woolen work the form of skulls, cross-bones, and other hideous emblems of mortality. There were a few hanging shelves on which were various bottles of chemical preparations, with here and there lizards, adders, and other reptiles preserved in cases.

The principal table, at which the old man sat, was covered with many bottles and saucers, containing chemicals, principally deadly poisons such as nightshade (*belladonna*), aquafortis, and others, many of which were so powerful as to oblige the necromancer to wear a mask while experimenting with them. On this table were also crucibles, small furnaces, and many steel and iron instruments, forceps, pincers, metal-stirrers, and the like; and in the middle stood a small brasier filled with burning charcoal. The venerable old man, as he sat at work, looked like some veritable wizard; and, to complete the picture, the grinning black ape, with his sharp, white

teeth, and eyes like coals of fire, seemed a most fitting representative of the evil genii of this gloomy chamber.

Wintzer bent over a small basin in which he was mixing several metallic substances in a state of fusion, occasionally testing the crystals as they cooled, with the aquafortis.

"Ah," he murmured, greedily, "I shall succeed—I know I shall succeed. I am destined to unravel this stupendous secret: gold, gold—bright, precious gold! To turn everything into gold! It is worth nights of care and days of toil. Hundreds have failed, but I shall not fail—no, no!"

Thus speaking, he applied the acid to one of the globular crystals which had formed on the side of the vessel. It immediately dissolved, while a look of intense, bitter disappointment stole over the necromancer's face.

"Not yet—not yet," he ejaculated; and with eager haste began, with his shriveled hands trembling with age, to pour and repour some of the liquids before him from one phial into another. All this while the ape Bertram sat regarding him with a peering, inquisitive glance, strangely similar to that of a human being.

The old man, however, heeded not: he was too wrapped up in his dreams of inexhaustible wealth, although the phantom had eluded his grasp for more than half a century. Why could he not rest contented with the large fortune which he had accumulated by trading on the superstitious prejudices of mankind? Ah, why, indeed, save that the heaping-up of riches is ever craving after more? "*Crescit amor nummi quantum ipsa pecunia crescit*" is a pithy saying, applicable to nine out of ten of us, unfortunately. So he worked on and on, till the extreme heat, caused by the gaseous escapes from his crucible, rendered the room insupportable.

"Wheugh!" he said, wiping his forehead, "it is unbearable."

Then he arose and half-opened the door.

Time sped onward, and the clock sounded half-past eleven, when the old man, who had hitherto worked with unrelaxing zeal, was suddenly oppressed with an overwhelming sense of drowsiness.

"Oh, he muttered, "I must rest, I must rest!" And he collected his phials, locking them in a drawer. In a few moments his head sank forward on his breast, and he slept. But he had left the phial containing the aquafortis on the table.

Onward still went the moments, and nothing was heard save the tread of the big ape, who, with restless activity, moved around the room, through the open door and back, staying now a few minutes outside, now a few minutes in the laboratory. The animal was strangely excited, but no one marked him. There was no sound, except the low regular breathing of the sleeping necromancer, to disturb the stillness of the night.

Heavily the strokes of the town-clock beat midnight, but all remained still, till in a few moments Dame Charlot appeared with a light, slowly ascending the stairs.

"Ah! it is time for the draught," said she, "and I am not sorry, for my old bones need rest."

Then she paused at the door of the laboratory and looked in. The old man, thoroughly worn out with the fatigues and excitement of the day, sat in his chair, with head reclined upon his breast, sleeping the tranquil sleep of childhood and old age.

"Ah, my poor old master, so you, too, are tired, are you? Well, you are not much older than I," said the dame to herself.

Then she gently closed the door behind her, took up the draughts for her patient from the bracket on the landing, and entered the opposite chamber.

Donna Estevan was not asleep. She lay with her head reclining upon one arm, and a strange look of depression upon her beautiful face, which she slightly raised as the old woman entered.

"How does madame feel now?" asked Dame Charlot, with a look of genuine solicitude upon her honest, if exceedingly ugly, features. "Will madame take her composing draught? It is time."

"You are very kind. I have not the least inclination to sleep; I am wakeful with many thoughts."

"But madame must go to sleep—the Herr Doctor said so; she will rest soundly after this medicine."

And so, indeed, she did.

"Well, good dame, place it on this little table, at the head of my couch; I will take it in a few moments when I shall have commended myself to God and the Holy Virgin."

And she crossed herself.

"But, madame—"

"Pray do as I request you," gently repeated Donna Estevan, "and retire to your own room, for I am sure you must be worn out. Shame on me to keep the aged out of bed till midnight," she continued, as if the idea had not occurred to her before, that the old housekeeper really was acting a kind part to an entire stranger.

"Madame is considerate, and I am tired," owned Dame Charlot.

And wishing the sick lady good-night, she placed the bottle on the table indicated, and withdrew, with an ejaculation of relief, for, with all her good will, she was too old to sit watching with impunity. Then unbroken stillness reigned throughout the house.

It was yet early in the morning, about half-past five o'clock, when the necromancer, with a sudden start, woke up from his sleep very much bewildered, but, nevertheless, very much refreshed. He could not, at first, recollect how he came to be in his laboratory, but gradually the facts of the preceding day dawned one by one upon his memory. "Ay," he said, "I remember now; I became drowsy, and—here he broke off with a start of astonishment. "But my phials—where

are they? Oh, I remember; I locked them up. And he eagerly opened the drawer.

Yes, the phials were there, and he counted them.

"Belladonna, aqua topiana, sulphate of mercury: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight. But the ninth! Where is the ninth?" he exclaimed, in great excitement. "Stay! Ah! I left it on the table. No, it is not there." He looked round.

The phial was gone!

The necromancer sank in his chair, utterly confounded. What could it mean?

No one had been there, he thought. Dame Charlot would not dare to meddle with his bottles; and if she had taken this one, of what use would it be to her, an old, ignorant fool? The very idea was absurd. And the strangers? No, that was more absurd still. In vain he searched everywhere—the phial could not be found; and the old necromancer sat down again, stupefied with amazement and consternation.

He had sat thus but a few minutes when he was roused by a most appalling shriek from the room opposite; upon hearing which, old Wintzer rushed on to the landing. There he met the young Spanish gentleman, half-dressed and in a state of the most frantic grief.

"My wife! my wife! my dear wife! The wretches have poisoned her. She is dead! Oh, heaven! she is dead!" And the distracted husband seized the old man by the throat, and would have strangled him but for the sudden appearance of Dame Charlot, who, attracted by the noise, had hurried from her own chamber, and held back Don Estevan by the skirts.

"Master! master! What is all this clamor?" "He has murdered my wife! She is dead—dead, I tell you!" shrieked the young man in a frenzy.

"Great God! what do I hear?" wailed out the frightened old woman, while Wintzer stood agape, and utterly without power to utter a syllable. Then Don Estevan, seizing an arm of each, dragged them into the chamber where his wife lay.

She was dead, and dead beyond all doubt. She had been so for some hours. Her beautiful face was livid and disfigured; her arms and breast were covered with large blue blotches. That there had been foul play no one could question. The small hands were stiff, and clutched the coverlid with convulsive agony; and in the repulsive corpse before them, not one of the astonished trio would have recognized the beautiful invalid of the previous evening.

"Murderers! poisoners! infamous hag! accursed sorcerer! you have killed her with your devilish acts; killed her, and you would have killed me, to rob us of our gold; but I will be revenged," said Don Estevan. And with the rage of a madman he grasped them both, but the united cries of the three unfortunates had aroused all the neighborhood, and people poured in from every quarter.

The consternation was indescribable. Folks questioned and questioned without waiting to be answered. There was wonder and lamentations and surmises. Some accused the raving husband, some appeared inclined to secure (but without daring to do so) the old necromancer, whilst others endeavored to console the pitiable grief of poor Dame Charlot, who was much more liked than feared, and consequently came in for a great deal of consideration.

"How did it happen? Who is she? When did she come? Dear Charlot, tell us." Such was the burden of the mob who filled every room and passage of the house, whilst the terrified housekeeper could only sit and wring her hands.

In the midst of all this hubbub and clamor, a voice said: "Send for the Herr Doctor Fruchen."

"Ay, send for Hans Fruchen."

He was sent for and he came.

In a moment he was surrounded by a clamorous crowd, through whom he walked to the death-chamber.

"Is she dead, Herr Doctor?" "Poor dear, is she quite dead?" rose from a score of voices, and then followed a deathlike silence.

"She is dead," were the words which broke this calm, uttered with much feeling. The crowd felt this reverence for the dead. It was contagious. Hats were removed, and no one offered to break the silence. Then Dr. Fruchen spoke.

"She has died by some mineral poison. It will be my duty to send for the police."

A still more ominous silence followed. No one had thought of that, and many women drew back in consternation.

"You can go, all of you," continued the doctor, "except you, Monsieur D'Estevan, and you, Wintzer, and you, Dame Charlot." And when he addressed the old woman, he accompanied his words with a look of suspicion which made the poor old woman tremble, she knew not why.

Notwithstanding the natural curiosity of the crowd to remain and see what further happened, the doctor's words, though quietly spoken, were so authoritative, that they speedily cleared out, some volunteering to go for the police.

But the news had already spread. All Antwerp was in an uproar; and whilst people were on their way to inform the watch, the mayor of the city himself arrived, accompanied by the head of the police and half a dozen of his functionaries.

The doctor, who was the only calm person in the room, stated what he knew. He had gathered it partly from the distracted husband, partly from the bystanders.

Don Estevan had awakened early, and being anxious to hear of the state of his wife, and finding no one stirring, had gone himself to her chamber, the situation of which he knew, because he himself had carried her up the night before. Then he had rushed out and collared the necromancer.

This so far he knew.

"The lady," Dr. Fruchen continued, "had undoubtedly died from the effects of some mineral poison; from appearance, probably aquafortis."

Then the mayor interposed to ask Wintzer if that poison was kept in the house.

"Yes, my Herr," stammered the unfortunate necromancer. "It is a well-known test of gold, and—"

"Did you use any last night?"

Again the poor old man admitted the fact.

"Well, where is the remainder of it?"

"Alas! alas! gentlemen, it is most strange; but I fell asleep whilst using it, and when I woke, the bottle was no longer to be found."

The mayor and doctor exchanged glances.

"Not to be found!" exclaimed the mayor.

"Why not?" Did any one, then, rob you?"

"Alas! I cannot comprehend it. No one has access to that room but Dame Charlot."

The doctor and mayor exchanged a second glance, and the latter spoke:

"Who administered the draught to this unfortunate lady?"

"Dame Charlot," said the necromancer.

"A—h!"

"Oh!" groaned Dame Charlot. "I took it in, gentlemen, to the dear lady, but she would not let me give it her until she had said her devotions, and I left it on the table by her bed."

The poor woman uttered these words in great distress, but Dr. Fruchen put on a stern look.

"I remember now," he said, "that when I inquired for a fit nurse to wait upon this unhappy lady, you, Dame Charlot, were particularly anxious I should rely on you; but I now suspect the reason. Your master's love of gold is well known; the travelers had much money with them. Poison was at hand, and the Scheidt flows near. I alone knew of their arrival, and I—even I, also, might have been disposed of. The case, to me, is clear. You are this wretch's accomplice."

"Oh!" shrieked poor Charlot, "I declare, by my hopes of Heaven, I am innocent; I am—"

"It is for others to decide," coldly replied the doctor.

"Yes, yes," said the mayor, who began to think it was time to assert his dignity; "the case is clear, or at least," he added, interrupting himself, "it is one of grave suspicion. You will both be removed to the town jail."

And hither, in spite of their cries and protestations, the terrified old man and woman were forthwith conveyed.

The populace had by this time gathered in large numbers, and having (as mobs often do), changed their opinion, received the unfortunate prisoners with loud hootings and revilings; cries of "Down with the witch!" "Burn the accursed sorcerer!" rent the air.

In the midst of the tumult a great commotion was observed on the banks of the river. The unfortunate Don Estevan, bursting from those who had held of him, and with his brain crazed, had darted through the crowd at a furious rate, and precipitated himself into the Scheidt.

It was much swollen by the storm of the past night, and the luckless husband sank at once beneath its turbid waters.

His body was never recovered.

DISCOVERED TOO LATE.

ABOUT six weeks have elapsed, and it is a fine day early in September.

Groups of citizens are standing together in the market-place, and around a large building which appears to possess for them some extraordinary attraction. The building is the Town Hall, and the day is the day of the trial of Leopold Wintzer and Charlot Lutven, for the murder of Maria, Countess Estevan, by poison.

"It will go hard with the miscreants, I warrant me," says a stout burgher, in the centre of a group, by whom he seems reckoned a personage of vast importance; "and rightly enough, too, I say, for we want no poisoning conjurers in this fair city, neighbors."

"You are in the right of it, Master Van Noorden," replies another wiseacre; and the mob, easily swayed, murmur their assent.

"I would I had the burning of that old witch," shrilly exclaimed a stout, rosy-cheeked dame, with a pair of large ear-rings saucily displayed. "I would not let the roast lack basting, I know."

A sally of laughter greeted this petty display of woman's spite, and a loud, hearty voice cried out: "Ay, trust a woman to run a woman down if she be in trouble. They say wolves will eat a wounded comrade; but for my part, I think the spite of wild beasts is nothing to the spite of woman against woman."

The dame who had spoken turned angrily toward the last bold speaker, and he would mayhap have come off with a scratched face, but for a loud shout from that part of the crowd nearest the hall, which signified the trial was over.

"The sentence!—the sentence!—are they guilty?" cried a thousand voices.

"Yes, yes, guilty!"

"And the sentence?"

"The man to be burned alive; the woman to be confined for life!"

"Hurrah! hurrah!" And the air rang with a cheer from the whole of the vast multitude, which speedily turned to a storm of hisses and groans as the unfortunate condemned issued from the door of the judgment-hall, strongly guarded.

The trial had been short, but the evidence supposed conclusive.

This is what had passed.

The respected Doctor Fruchen had testified that he had been called in suddenly on the last day of July to attend a lady who had been taken ill, and was at the house of the male prisoner. He had inquired for a suitable nurse for her, and was exceedingly struck by the readiness with which the female prisoner volunteered to fill that situation. He had sent in two draughts, being simple anodynes, but quite harmless; after taking one of which, the unfortunate lady was found dead. That she had taken the dose there was no doubt, as the almost empty bottle was found with but a few drops left in it, which, when tested by himself (Herr Fruchen), were found to contain aquafortis.

The second bottle, with its contents untouched, was also found to contain some of the same poison. From this it was inferred that had the first not taken effect, the murderers intended to administer a second dose. "Perhaps," added the doctor, "as there could be little doubt that the first draught would prove fatal, the second might have been intended for Don Estevan."

It was distinctly proved that the sole inhabitants of the house, besides the luckless couple, were Leopold Wintzer and Charlot Lutven; and the quantity of gold contained in the valises of both the unfortunate lady and gentleman supplied ample motive for their murder by a man so well-known to be avaricious and miserly as Wintzer.

On the night of the murder the necromancer had, by his own admission, aquafortis in his possession. Further, he confessed that, contrary to his usual habit, he sat up all the night. In the morning the aquafortis was missing, and both the bottles destined for the unfortunate lady were proved to have contained it. Then the female prisoner admitted that twice during the night she went into the laboratory to her master (although she averred that the last time he was fast asleep), and as she also admits that her hand placed the first bottle on the deceased's table, it was inferred that the master consulted with the servant, prepared the poison, and then left it to the old woman to administer it for a consideration of part of the gold to be acquired. Thus she became an accomplice. This evidence was deemed conclusive, and the judges were unanimous in condemning the prisoners. Thus the old man was sentenced to be burned alive in the market-place, and his ashes to be scattered to the four winds; and the old

woman, in consideration of her sex and age, besides having been, it was supposed, to some extent made a tool of, was awarded the mitigated punishment of imprisonment for life.

Within a week the horrible sentence on the poor old man was carried out in all its awful details, he to the last protesting his innocence. Indeed, from the time of the murder until he was actually tied to the stake, he spoke and acted like one under the influence of a dream. But the populace were under another impression. They fully believed him guilty, and when he was brought out to death, behaved in a savage manner that moved the aged victim to tears. He died confessing that he had been guilty of many wicked and impious impostures, but solemnly called heaven to witness that he was guiltless of the foul crime of murder.

Dame Charlot, as soon as she heard that her poor old master was actually dead, fell into a swoon, which lasted eight-and-twenty hours, and upon her recovery from it, it was found that the poor creature's mind had given way. Her sentence was then partially revoked, and as the old necromancer had left no will, and his money was confiscated to the State, the town council allowed the poor old woman (who was harmless) to occupy her late master's house, under the care of a middle-aged female as her attendant. To this house, then, about three months from the beginning of our story, the two women repaired.

On the very first night of their occupation of the old dwelling, the old dame and her attendant sat in the kitchen, where three months back the worthy housekeeper had so consequently tended the basting of the fowl which was to be Donna Estevan's last meal on earth. Perhaps even across her weakened intellect there dawned some faint recollection of this, for she sat sorrowfully in her chair, looking vacantly at the wood-fire and watching the smoke curl slowly up the broad old-fashioned chimney. Her friendly attendant was busy preparing cups and saucers for their early tea, and stole now and then a glance at the poor soulless sufferer. At last Dame Charlot broke the silence.

"Gretchen, was I ever here before?"

Willing to soothe her, Gretchen replied readily: "No, no, dame; why should you think that? This is the house given you by the good council, you know."

"Council, council!" repeated Charlot, vacantly.

"Ay, dame; but come, draw up and drink this hot cup of coffee; it will cheer you finely, I warrant me." And worthy Gretchen commenced cutting bread and butter. They had nearly finished their meal, when a sudden noise caused both to look up, and Gretchen screamed aloud. Not so the elder woman; she looked on as if body and soul were about to part; with all her faculties (such as they were) fixed on an object in an obscure corner of the old kitchen.

It was a large black ape intently engaged in pouring the contents of one phial into another! During this occupation he grinned and gibbered with a devilish satisfaction, quite appalling.

A flood of light burst on the clouded brain of the unfortunate Dame Charlot. She sprang from her seat as if electrified.

"Bertram! Oh, the monkey!—the monkey! My poor murdered master. There! The monkey—the murderer!" And pouring out incoherently sentence after sentence, fell senseless on the floor.

The true murderer was found.

In the hurry and tumult on the night of Donna Estevan's death, nobody had thought of the ape, who had for the three months since that tragical event held entire possession of the premises, living how and where and as he could.

It is well-known that monkeys will most faithfully and accurately copy the transactions of human beings.

On the night of the supposed murder, the black ape had been watching old Wintzer in the laboratory until sleep overcame the latter.

It will be remembered that the phial of aquafortis had been unfortunately left by the necromancer on the table.

The ape, eager to imitate the motions of his master, had seized the phial. But there was no other phial at hand into which to empty it, for the remainder were locked up.

Suddenly a thought flashed on the monkey-mind. There were phials outside the door on the bracket, and he would use those. Again, it will be remembered that as the charlatan had left open the door on account of the heat, this was easy, and the ape accomplished his design.

Hence his bustling in and out of the laboratory, as we described in our second part.

This performed, the ape Bertram, with the sagacity which distinguishes his tribe when they have been perpetrating mischief, left the bottles he had tampered with in the place where he had found them, and secreted the unlucky phial which had been the cause of all the misfortune.

Dame Charlot at midnight found the bottles apparently precisely as she had placed them, and unconsciously was the agent of destruction to the poor Spanish lady. That was the first act of this tragedy.

But, unfortunately, the second act of the tragedy, in which poor old Wintzer had played chief part, could not be recalled. The curtain had fallen on it for ever.

Happily the third act was never performed.

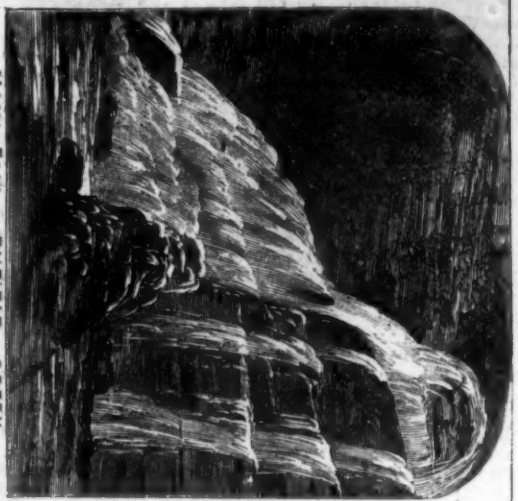
Gretchen speedily gave the alarm, and the house was soon full of sympathizing townspeople. The ape was secured, and it was found that one of the two phials which he held when the women first observed him was the identical one which had held the aquafortis.

For the second time Antwerp was in an uproar, and the upshot may be readily guessed. Our old friend, Dame Charlot, recovered her reason (which the shock had brought back—such cases are not rare), and she lived to see a hundred years. The repentant townspeople would have erected a statue to the memory of the poor necromancer who was the victim of a monkey's freak, but they changed their minds, and did still better. They raised a competence for the now happy Charlot. As her master had left no heirs, the State made over his wealth to the old lady, in part compensation for her many trials, and she resided till her death in the old house.

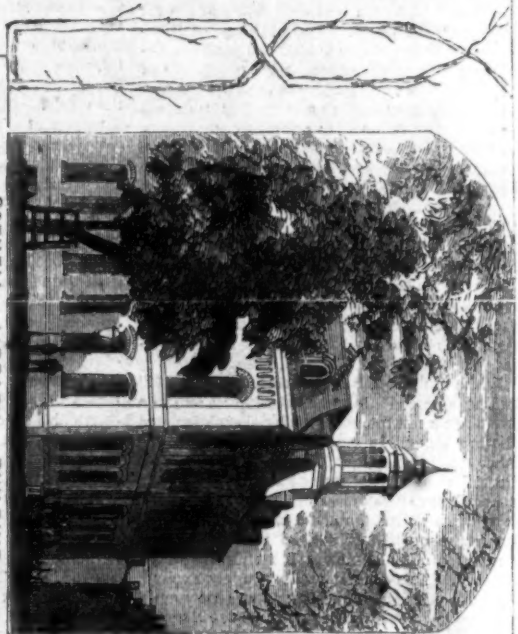
The tide of ill-luck turned. The house became fortunate. "Madame Charlot," as she was then called, sent to Venice for her great-nephew, a famous jeweler, to come and set up his trade in Antwerp. Probably, with the old lady's guilders and florins in view, he did so; lived with her nearly twenty years, till she died in her hundredth year, when it was found she had left all to him. The goldsmith amassed an enormous fortune, became ultimately ennobled and a member of the State Council, and his heirs in Antwerp have, to this day, for their arms—a monkey grasping an empty phial, with the motto, "Out of mischief rose fortune."

Thus was a monkey the cause of the deaths of three innocent people, and the founder of a whole family's prosperity.

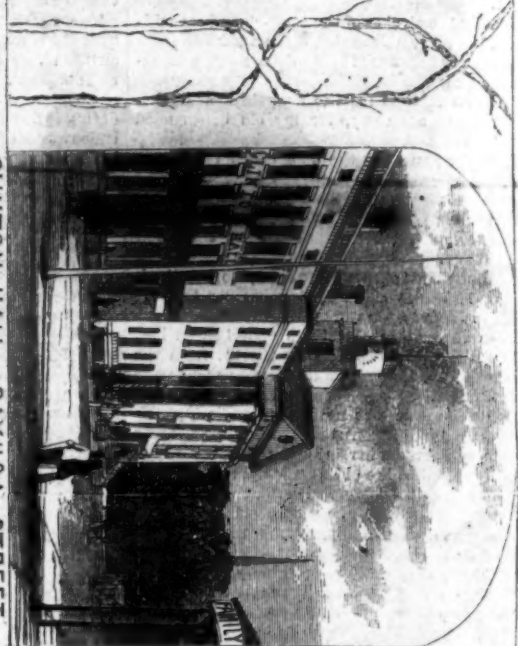
Truly out of evil often comes good.



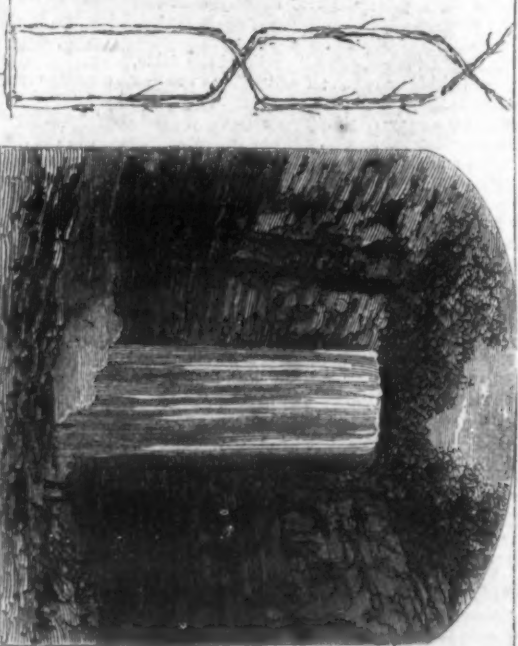
MAIN FALL ENFIELD CREEK.



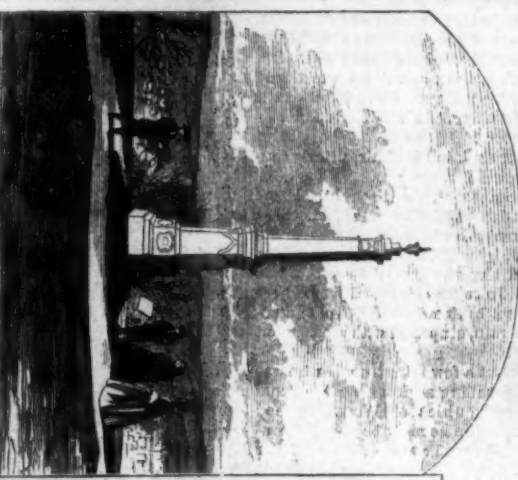
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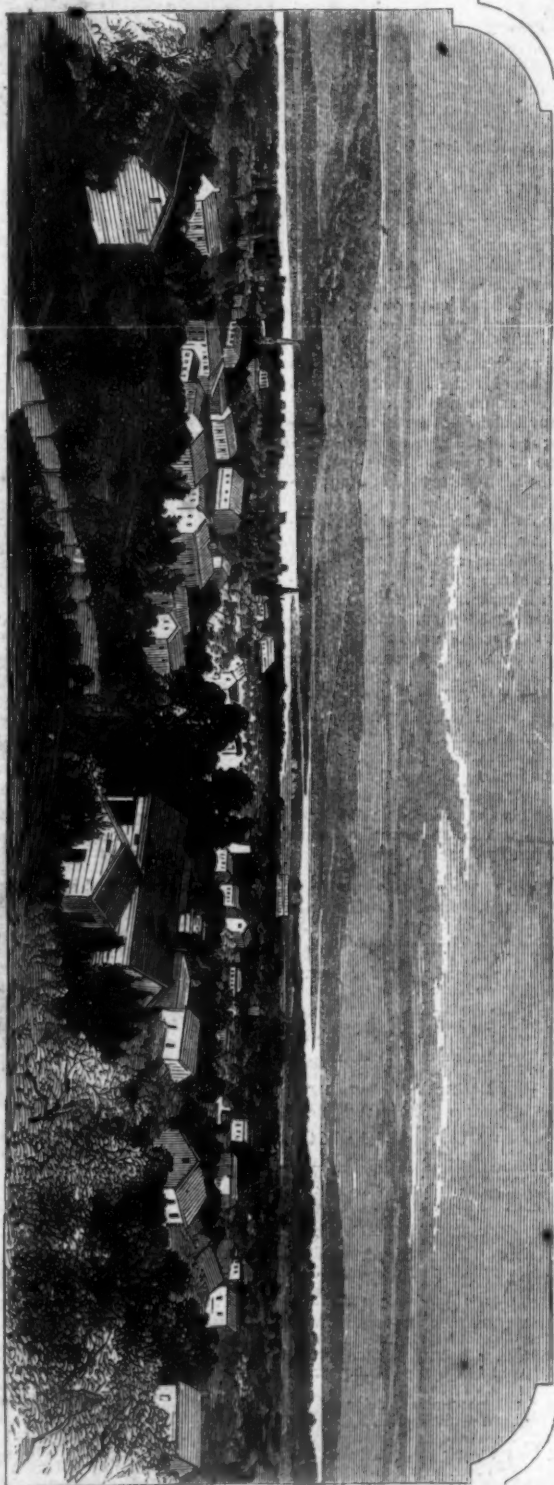
QUINTON HALL CAYUGA STREET.



TACHCANIG OR GOODWINS FALL



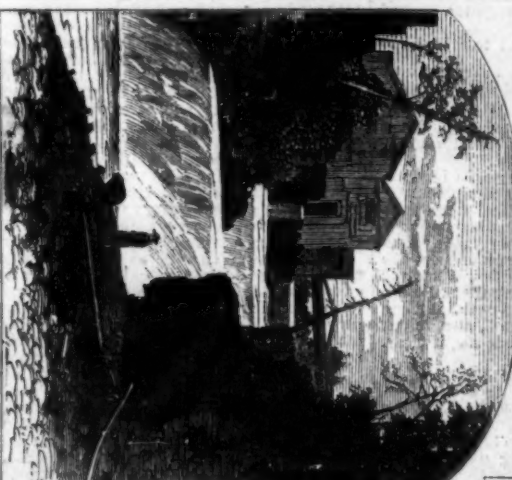
FIREMENS MONUMENT ITHACA. CEMETERY.



ITHACA AND CAYUGA LAKE FROM SOUTH END



ENFIELD RAVINE ABOVE FALLS



WELLS FALLS. SIX MILE CREEK.



PULPIT FALL BUTTER MILK CREEK.



FIRST FALL ON LICK BROOK.



SIXTH FALL CAYUGA CREEK.

THE TOWN OF ITHACA, NEW YORK, AND ITS CELEBRATED WATERFALLS.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. C. BENNETT, ITHACA.—SEE PAGE 288.



THE MEETING OF THE PASSAIC COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, AT PATTERSON, N. J., JUNE 5TH, 6TH, AND 7TH—THE THIRD DAY—HORSE RACE—ZOOZAG AND NANNIE GRADDOCK CLEARING THE HURDLE OF THE HOME STRETCH—SEE PAGE 233.



THE WINNER OF THE STEEP-CHASE, NANNIE GRADDOCK, CLEARING THE HURDLE AND DITCH IN FRONT OF THE GRAND STAND.



THE SALE OF THE POOL.



THE STRUGGLE BETWEEN KENTUCKY AND RICHMOND IN THE THREE-MILE RACE—THIRD DAY—KENTUCKY WINNING.

WAITING FOR THE TIDE.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

COME down! these shadowed sands invite,
And that soft glory on the Deep;
We breathe an atmosphere of light
Subtle as dew, and calm as sleep.

See, here and there, beyond the foam,
A sail is shining like a gem;
I think the boats are coming home—
We'll linger down and look at them.

Not yet; the tide is shy, and stays
By this gray limit of our pier;
It doubts, it trembles, it delays,
Yet all the while is stealing near.

The boats and we must wait it will;
Oh! pleasant patience! they to make
(While we behold them and lie still)
A hundred pictures for our sake.

Oh! happy patience! Not a hue
Can flitter through the changing air,
Or mold the cloud, or touch the blue,
That is not meant for them to wear.

And as they watch the glimmering sand
That warms the film within the foam,
They know the certain wave at hand—
The tender wave that lifts them home.

It comes—they pass—each turning sail
Is first a hope and then a bliss;
Come back, and dream a fairy tale
That hath a close as sweet as this!

The Spectre of Cliffe;

OR,

THE FAIR LADY OF THE SHROUD.

By the Author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c. &c.

CHAPTER XII.—OVER THE CLIFF.

RAYMOND was well aware that the period of his existence must now be numbered by seconds, unless the heart of this treacherous ruffian should relent, whose sullen face was looking down from the cliff-top upon his dying agonies.

"There is still time, man," he gasped, "to reach down your arm, and save a fellow-creature from death, who is not fit to die. So help me, Heaven, I will forgive, nay, bless you, if you will!"

"Forgive me, Raymond Clifford!" replied the stranger, scornfully. "Nay, the debt is even still upon your side, and be sure I will exact it to the uttermost. You have found a resting-place, I see, which, perhaps, will last you (although, I am afraid, the nature of chalk is friable), while you listen to what I have to say."

Hideoon was Raymond's position, closely as the mysteries of futurity were pressing upon him, yet he could not but inquire of that wicked, gloating face: "What devil, then, art thou?"

"My name is Gideon Carr," returned the stranger, hoarsely. Then Raymond's face grew white as the cliff to which he clung, and as damp with the dews of the terror of death, for he knew that he could expect no mercy.

"Ay, well mayst thou groan, young Raymond. It was your turn to laugh when you stole away Mildred Leigh from your brother's arms—"

"He never set you to do this," interrupted the doomed man, passionately. "I am sure Rue never did."

"You are right, sir. Your brother, being a lunatic, has not the sense to plot revenge. But when you wronged him, you crossed the path of my sister Grace, and you had better have balked a tigress of her meal."

"But would you do murder for her sake, man? My arms are getting stiff, my fingers ache. God sees us both from yonder heaven. Ah, save me, and yourself, too, by one good deed."

"Ay, it is but natural for one in your position to raise theological arguments," returned Gideon, coolly. "But for me, who am safe on the top here, I prefer to take a practical view of matters. You ask me whether I would commit what you are pleased to describe as a murder, although nobody else will take that view of it. I parted from you at yonder 'barrow,' where you expressed your intention of going by the Beacon for the sake of the view. (I was constructing this little story as we came along from that very place, and I think it will do capitally.) My last words, as I left you there, were: 'Pray, be careful of the cliff; you do walk so very near the edge, my dear Hepburn.' If your body is never found again, as you just now guaranteed would be the case, when you little thought you were talking of yourself, then I need say nothing; and I am afraid you will suffer the inconveniences you hinted at as we came along, which result from being denied the rights of sepulture. But if your body is found, then there is my little story to explain your latest mischance. But I am digressing, and you have no time to spare, I'm sure. You would say: 'Why slay me for your sister's sake, since I have not injured you?' But you have injured me, Raymond Clifford; and, like Grace, I never forgive. Long ago, she and I together made up our minds that we would have Cliffe Hall; that the Cliffords of Cliffe should die out, and the Carrs rule there in their stead. Once get you out of the way, and marry Mildred to that poor fool, your brother, and we should have him, through that girl's influence, under our thumb; he would leave his lands to the proper persons; and having done so, would evince—but after a decent interval, so that there might be no dispute about his testament—such evident symptoms of lunacy as to cause him to be shut up—say at the Dene, in custody of his

loving relatives. A nice plan, was it not, and yet you and this man, my niece, chose to thwart it! Ah! if you had heard the vow Grace Clifford made upon that day you fled, it would have made your heart sink, and your cheek grow cold, even when you kissed your bride. Grace always hated you; but when this plain-spoken, honest lad, forsooth, turned out a plotter, and a successful one, her fury well-nigh choked her. I do believe, although she loves her wealth, she would give ten thousand golden pieces to stand where I do now, watching your useless struggles on the verge of death. 'Kill him!' cried she, on the very day when we found out your whereabouts, but a few weeks ago; 'be sure you kill him, Gideon; and if it can be done, let him die some dreadful death! First take her protector from her—'

An involuntary shudder passed through Raymond's frame, and into his face, wrinkled and wan as though with age, entered a new agony.

"Ho, ho! what! that pricks you, does it?" grinned his torturer. "You tremble for your dainty, fair, young wife. You may safely leave her to her relatives young sir. Is she not our niece? Do we not owe her an old score upon the mother's account? Did not she, like herself, run away from our good care, and marry in spite of us? Mrs. Hepburn is coming to the Mermaid's Cove to-morrow, she and the child, too. The spring-tide rises fast, you tell me, in these parts—so fast that a stranger like myself might very well be caught by it. Nothing, indeed, could be more likely. Well, the tide does catch us; and after a resolute but unsuccessful attempt to rescue them—this is my second little story—I am compelled to swim away in order to save my own life. They, unfortunately, cannot swim. Now, you see, I have confided to you my whole programme, feeling confident that your sense of honor will prevent your revealing the particulars to any human creature. How surprisingly strong you must be in the arms, Raymond Clifford! I had no idea that I should have a listener so long; however, you are perceptibly slipping now. There is a curious furrow on your right, down which you will probably glide to your destination. It almost looks like a path, from here." He paused to gloat upon his helpless, hopeless victim, then continued: "Now, what would you not give, if I reached down my arms to you even now, and acknowledged that I was playing a practical joke? What would you not give, I say, to grasp the hand of Gideon Carr, the touch of which would at this moment be more grateful than that of any other hand in Christendom, however fair, since it can save thee, and no other? Come, what will you bid? Will you give Cliffe? Will you make over all that would be yours, if your brother should die without a will?"

"I will give you all I have," gasped Raymond; "but Cliffe is not mine to give—it is my child's." "What! the child's, that is to die to-morrow!" cried Gideon, scornfully. "Listen to this man, foolish guile-mots; rabbits of the warren, prick your ears; here is a case you will understand. What a hand at bargaining is this unhappy gentleman, who has about a second or so to live! He offers, as ransom for his life, not even the money which I have already in my pocket! The door standing wide open, he wants to haggle with one about giving up the key! It is impossible that one can treat with a person of this character. You are growing very weak indeed, Raymond Clifford—you seem to me to be in *extremis*. Your last words will be interesting. Have you got any bequest to make? I can answer for that at least to one person—namely, my sister Grace. I will send them to her by to-night's post, I promise you, with all the details of your misfortune."

"Tell her, then," said Raymond, speaking with labored breath, "that I bequeath to her the malediction of a murdered man. You smile; but the hour will come when it will take effect. I know it as surely as I know what fate awaits me within the next few moments. May the bane of that ancient race, of whom she has been the evil star, cling to her as it has clung to us? May she inherit with our lands the Curse which has pursued us through so many generations!"

"Your good wishes shall be faithfully transmitted," returned Gideon, mockingly; "but I own to you they are unlikely to bear fruit. My sister Grace is the wisest woman I know, and the least likely to lose her wits like you, proud, foolish Cliffords. Why, look you, the Cliffords were always boastful of their genealogy, yet not one of them could count such a 'long descent' as is now awaiting you! I do not often joke; but upon occasions of this sort, *dulce est desipere* (one of the few phrases I ever picked up at school) *in loco*; that is to say, it is well to be merry on the brink of a precipice."

"Thou art *de*, Gideon Carr," replied Raymond, solemnly, though speaking with great effort. "Thou art on the brink of the precipice of Death. Well mayst thou shrink and grow pale. I tell thee, I myself, a dying man, can mark the sheet wound high upon thy wicked limbs, the token of Black Doom that stands behind thee—close."

Involuntarily, and with a face almost as white as that of his victim, Gideon Carr glanced over his shoulder.

The next moment he was alone.

Beneath him were the marks in the wet cliff where the poor wretch had struggled and clung, but the falling limbs had given way during that instant, and the body had slipped down the furrow into the viewless air. Scarce a sound had until now been heard save the voices of the two men, in that unequal talk; but now, as though released from some horrible spell, the thousand sea-birds which had been sitting upon the ledges or hovering above the nests seemed to send forth one great cry of horror and alarm, and up they came swirling from the abyss below, with scream on scream, and circled round in the clear blue like wreaths of snow, as though appealing to high heaven for murder done. The silent warren

shone with timorous eyes; from every burrow stared a harmless face, which ne'er till now had looked upon a crime: and what seemed worst of all, the rusty semaphore, noiseless heretofore, began to shake and creak, as if the accusing winds swept by, and bade it point them out the man-slayer!

Gideon Carr, to do him justice, was not one to shrink from any conflict, man to man, or even against odds; but he was by nature like his brother, superstitious. Of religion he had none, not even that faith made up (if one may say so) of the worst part of religion, which finds divinity in hate instead of love, and clasps pale Fear in place of roseate Hope; and looks for night, and worse, instead of the dawning of the eternal day. He feared, as Clement said, neither God nor man. But his mind, which could see nothing in the firmament or in the ocean to suggest a Creator, entertained many a gross and vulgar article of the unlearned. To him the future fashioned itself after the shape of a coal out of the fire; the croak of a raven would secretly fill him with forebodings, and the chatter of a jay, with joy; secretly I say, for he was ashamed of these weaknesses of his, and it was only very rarely that he betrayed to others the fact of their existence. It is also fair to add, that, like most people similarly credulous, he had never been prevented by any portent from committing a bad action, or constrained by any omen to perform a good one. When the crime was committed, however—as now—which he happened to have in hand, Gideon Carr became a prey to his superstition; and moved by he knew not what, except that it was no sting of remorse or touch of compassion, he fled from the strange sights and sounds that filled earth and air about Marmouth Beacon, and which his own act seemed to have evoked, with a fleet foot and a wet brow.

CHAPTER XX.—A SECOND WARNING.

NOTHING, except seeing her husband return safe and sound, could have been a gladder sight to Mildred Hepburn on that fatal morning than what she did see within an hour or so of Raymond's departure—namely, the kindly, sympathizing face of Mrs. Carey. The lieutenant accompanied her to the cottage in the slender hope that the two pedestrians might not yet have started; but finding that they had gone, he returned to the preventive station, by no means grudging his pains, although not without a good-humored laugh at Mildred's foolish fears. He left a little portmanteau behind him, "which," said Mrs. Carey, "please to let me put in your room, Mildred."

"What!" replied that poor lady, attempting to be jocular, "is it something so valuable that you dare not leave it at home, but have brought it to this fastness of Pampas Cottage, garrisoned so strongly by myself and little Jane the nurse-maid?"

"Well," returned Mrs. Carey, kissing her, "the fact is, it's my brushes and comb, and just a few things for a couple of nights, which I have invited myself to pass with you, my dear, until Mr. Hepburn comes back again to scold you for being in such a fright about nothing."

"Oh! my dear, dear Mrs. Carey," cried Mildred, "this is more than kind indeed. And, ah! me," she involuntarily added, "how little have I deserved it at your hands!"

"Bless us, and save us!" exclaimed the honest lady, "one would think you had done me and the lieutenant some grave injury."

"And so we have," exclaimed Mildred, passionately; "for to mistrust the honest, and to deceive the pure of heart, is a grievous wrong. I feel as I have never felt before—so lonely, desolate, friendless—I must tell you all about it, or I shall go out of my mind."

"Stay, my dear," said Mrs. Carey, kindly, but placing a finger upon her friend's eager lips; "you must not do anything in a hurry, and particularly when your husband is not here. I have long known—although I do not know if others suspect it—that you carry some burden about with you, deep in your loving heart. But I do not blame you for it; and unless I can help you to carry it, I do not wish to know its nature."

"But you can help me, my dear and only friend. I have yearned to pour my sorrow out before you, scores and scores of times. Ah, what have I not suffered from your love and kindness! Like some imprisoned bird that sees through glass the sunshine and the trees, but feels that between him and them an invisible wall of crystal intervenes, and shuts out all—such is a secret between loving hearts. And yet—although I know my husband would not mind, for he has often told me to tell you if I would—now I have said so much, I seem to wish I had never spoken. Things are better as they are, perhaps. It is such a sad, sad story."

"Nay, Mildred, do not weep; come out into the cool fresh air. The open air is best for sorrow, for Dame Nature's hand, though rough, is kindly—at least I have always found it so."

"You! dear Mrs. Carey—well, dear Marion, if you will have it so—why, what can you know of sorrow?"

"Not much, thank God, my friend," replied Mrs. Carey, earnestly; "and if He seems to you to have been good to me, who know not what He has done for a poor orphaned, friendless girl, how much more gracious and benign should He seem to me? No, dear, as you say, I have no sorrow; there is no room within my heart for aught but gratitude."

"And Love. I am sure that there is room for Love," said Mildred, tenderly.

"Yes, dear. It would be strange, indeed, if He, who is Love's self, should have withheld that precious gift." And yet Mrs. Carey sighed. "You know, I hope, that John is dearer to me far than life—my father, husband, benefactor, friend—my all in all; a blessing for which I bless God every day. But we were never boy and girl together like Mr. Hepburn and yourself, and when I married, I was not so young but that I— Look you," she interrupted herself, smiling, "I am like

yonder Pampas grass, that has everything comfortable and snug about it, with an attendant in white raiment to keep it moist and green, but which has but little or no bud in spring-time."

"Ay, but in autumn, when the flowers fade and die," cried Mildred, "it blossoms in a hundred feathery sprays, and none of them will perish, even though they be gathered from the stalk."

"Yes, dear, I know," said Mrs. Carey, quietly; "they are pleasant to have about the house (when, as you say, there are no flowers to be got), although their blossom is gray."

The two women did not speak for a little, but each held the other's hand. Then Mildred led her guest to a sheltered corner, where a seat was cut out in the cliff.

"I think I will tell you my story now," whispered she.

So hand in hand they sat, with their fair faces first in shadow, then in sunshine, then in shade again, as the morn grew to afternoon, while Mildred Clifford told her tale from first to last.

"Am I anxious, fearful, without reason?" ended she. "Have we not cause to fear, with a foe such as this aunt of mine?"

"Much cause," returned Mrs. Carey, gravely, "and much need for friends. No harm is done at present, but I wish you had told us this before. The lieutenant—"

"What! You will not tell him?" cried Mildred, starting from her seat. "Oh, what will Raymond say?"

"He will say I should have no secrets from my husband," replied the other, firmly. "No, none, Mildred, none; not even that one whereof I spoke just now, and which should have been his and mine alone, but that I saw you needed some great confidence to lure forth your own hidden woe. John would have given you helpful counsel, for, though he is trusting and simple about his own affairs, he is both wise and keen when acting for others."

"He could not picture a woman like my aunt," said Mildred, with a shudder; "no one could, who does not know her—so relentless of purpose, so unscrupulous in means, and actuated by such deadly hate."

"Ay," returned Mrs. Carey, musing, "to be foiled by her whom she had thought was her own instrument—that must have been wormwood to such a one as you describe. A woman that knows not shame nor fear is dangerous indeed. Yet—you seem to dread some physical harm—is it possible that she would incur the risk of—"

"To gain her end," interrupted Mildred, solemnly, "Grace Clifford would dare the gallows."

"Nevertheless, you have done wrong, and very wrong," pursued Mrs. Carey, "to hide yourselves away, and so let her know you fear her."

"It was I," said Mildred, in low and broken tones. "My husband would have defied her to the teeth. But I—I know her so well."

"Poor child—poor child!" cried Mrs. Carey, tenderly. "This woman has done you harm enough already: to have inspired such terror should be a sufficient triumph to the most malignant. And yet, if you lived under your own names, and were known to all about you, and if your aunt was known to wish you ill, it would not be risk she would be running, did she work you harm, but the certainty of detection; the blow she aimed at you would scarcely fall before the arm would be pointed out that struck it. But now, if you had not told me this to-day, why, your husband, your child, yourself might be involved in some sudden catastrophe, the clue of which it would not be possible for us to discover. I do not wish to terrify you, Mildred, but I do think you have taken the very means—Hark! did you not hear the garden wicket go?"

"I did," gasped Mildred, starting up, and running into the cottage, at the back of which was the arbor in which they had been sitting. "I did; and little Milly is playing in the garden all alone!"

Mrs. Carey followed, not without some undefined apprehension, which set her orderly pulses beating thick and fast. The visitor, however, was no one more formidable than a curly-headed youth, who called occasionally beth at the Cottage and Lucky Bay, bringing with him fresh eggs and other delicacies from Westportown. This afternoon, however, he was without his basket, and bore in its place a large leathern bag, suspended from his shoulders.

"Please, ma'am, the letter-carrier have been took ill this morning," observed he, grinning, "and I'm a doing postman for him: only, what with driving here and there, and then back again, because of missing somebody out, and likewise the horse being dead-beat, I'm afraid I'm rather late. Here's a letter for Mr. Hepburn, ma'am, and that's all."

And off trotted the deputy deliverer of his Majesty's mails.

"A bill from Westportown, I suppose," said Mildred, scrutinizing the somewhat hieroglyphical address; "and yet does not this word in the corner look to you like 'immediate,' Mrs. Carey?"

"It is as like as the writer can make it," returned that lady, confidently. "How unfortunate that your husband did not get it before his departure."

"Perhaps I had better open it," said Mildred; "something may have to be done at once. I hope it is not from Marmouth about his boat, or he may have taken his journey for—Great Heaven! what is this?"

"Beware of the man calling him Stevens, who lodges, I believe, with the coast-guard."

"YOUR WELL-WISHER AS BEFORE."

"And Raymond has gone with him alone!" cried Mildred, passionately. "I shall never see his bright and glorious face again!"

It was terrible to see how the light faded out of her own features as she spoke, and how the large and lustrous eyes lost all their light, as the note fell from her nerveless hand, and fluttered to the ground.

Mrs. Carey picked it up, and scanned it closely. "Never be frightened by an anonymous letter, Mildred; it is almost always the weapon of the base and cowardly. Suppose this Stevens is an honest man, after all?"

"No," replied Mildred, with a shudder, "I will not suppose that. Dame Nature, whom you praised just now, has told me otherwise too plainly."

"Still, man to man, your husband is more than a match for him."

"Yes, but unsuspecting—"

"Nay, not so, Mildred," interrupted the other; "look you, 'your well-wisher, as before.' This is not, then, the first warning that your husband has received."

"True, true; and that explains why he now sleeps with a loaded pistol beneath his pillow. I would that he had taken his weapon with him this unhappy day."

"Stay, Mildred; there is need of judgment here; there must be no rash leaping to conclusions. You do not know what schemes, what treacheries are ever working about us, born of wretched smuggling. I do not think it, of course—let me not offend you by what I say—but has your husband any connection with those who call themselves Freetraders? I do not ask you to betray him; whatever you tell me shall be held as secret as the grave. I know there are many persons otherwise honest who have dealings with these people. If this man Stevens is, as my husband thinks, an officer of the government, this warning may have well been sent to Mr. Hepburn in case he be concerned—"

"No, no," sighed Mildred, hopelessly; "I wish it were as you suggest; his life, at least, would then not be in peril. We are good friends enough with all in Sandby, but we have no dealings with the law-breakers."

"Nevertheless," quoth Mrs. Carey, "I should like to see that first letter to which the present seems to refer. It is almost certain to be more explicit, and from it we might gather at least from what quarter to expect the danger. I will wait here while you search for it, and try to shape some course to follow, if things should be as you fear, and this warning date from Cliffe."

"We have very few possessions," returned Mildred, with a sad smile, "and no hiding-places that I am aware of. If Raymond has not taken the letter with him, I shall find it in five minutes."

It was well that Mrs. Carey's woman's instinct had suffered her friend to make that search alone. Truly, it was no extensive one, but somehow everything of Raymond's had acquired in those few hours of absence a sort of dearness which made her finger over each with reverent hands, and grudge that any but her own should touch them. There was a picture of herself in their little drawing-room; but lo! she now found another, drawn by him, her lord, in pencil, and by the date, before he had been her declared lover, and with it a certain rosebud, dead and withered, which she had given him at his request, before her heart had learned to leap at his footfall; along with these was one little lock of Milly's hair—a very history, in brief, of his love for her from dawn to mellow noon; true records, fading to the eye, but to the heart fresh as the sun-dew, fragrant as the May. Then in a drawer—his "secret drawer," he used to call it, but the spring was broken some days back, through making it leap out to please the child—she found the thing she sought, and would have rather found an adder coiled.

"Beware, Raymond Clifford. The cat's eyes have found you at last; find another hole for a little; and at once. There is danger lurking at your very door.—A TRUE WELL-WISHER."

And straightway, when she read these words, the things that were her Raymond's seemed in Mildred's misty eyes not only dear, but sacred—sacred as the farewell breathed from a mother's lips on one who sails for alien climes to dwell there, and who cannot hope to see again on earth that tear-worn face, now tortured by its love, that smiled upon him in his cradle—sacred as the last words of a dying man, who points to his orphaned child at play among her toys, and whispers: "Thou wilt not forsake her, friend; thou art fellow-guardian of her now with God himself;" for death seemed shadowed forth on that poor scrawl, as certainly to her who read it as though it were a tombstone telling, "Here Raymond lies;" and by that awful hand all things are consecrated, no matter how common, with which our loved and lost have had to do.

No words could have made Mildred Clifford look more widowed than when, with her white face all drawn and gaunt, she sank down on her knees beside his vacant pillow; and there, while she strove to pray for mercy, mercy came, and numbed her pain with swoon.

CHAPTER XL.—BY THE SHORT-CUT.

"HERE is your child, my dear; here is little Milly. Will you not kiss your child?" were the first words which Mildred heard upon recovering her grief-stricken senses. It was Mrs. Carey that uttered them, who had lifted her upon the bed, and was sitting patiently beside it with the little girl in her arms. She laid her precious burden down by the mother's side, and let the round large eyes of the infant do their gracious work.

"I have read that letter, dear," said she, "and I do not anger so ill from it as you do."

Mildred groaned, and put up her hand to hide the torture of her face.

"If this Mr. Stevens intended any evil to your husband, it is clear he would not have come home."

"Come home!" cried Mildred, starting from the pillow, with the look of one who, shipwrecked in the tropic seas, beholds from his lonely raft some succoring sail; "Raymond come home?"

"No, love, not Raymond."

The rounded arm on which the listener leaned gave sudden way, and, with one long-drawn moan, the head sank back upon the pillow.

"But this Stevens has come back, for I have seen him, and even spoken with him. He called here just after you left me on the lawn, and very much surprised he seemed to be at seeing me here. However, that he has returned, instead of taking to flight, as he might easily have done, convinces me that at present no mischief has occurred. And if these warning letters be genuine, we should be now forewarned."

"What did this man say?" asked Mildred, with eyes tight shut, as though to keep out some hideous vision.

"He said your husband bade him look in here on his way back, to remind you that you should be at the Mermaid Cavern by three o'clock to-morrow, at latest, if Milly is to see the sea-flowers. Mr. Hepburn and he parted company, he said, on Mar-mouth Down, by the Saxon Barrows."

"Ay, at the grave-side," said Mildred, hoarsely.

"And now he thirsts for this little life and mine."

"If you have any such foolish fancy, Mildred, you should not go to meet this man."

"What! disobey my husband's last command? No, my friend; I go to-morrow, as he bids me."

"Then I go with you, Mildred, that is certain; nay, but I do. You are rather obstinate, my dear, yourself, just now; but compared with me, when I have made up my mind to anything, you are Docility personified—ask John, else. I am not afraid on my own account or yours; but if I have Milly with us, I shall take one of our men from Lucky Bay to help to carry her, if we tire."

"True friend in need!" cried Mildred; "my mind seems feeble as my limbs. I cannot think at all, but only suffer. Yet, cannot the road be searched where this man went with Raymond, and the cliff?"

"That has been done, dear. One of the coast-guard followed this morning, directly I got your letter. He met Mr. Stevens returning, very near the spot where, he says, he parted with your husband, and then went on as far as (by the time) the two could possibly have gone together, a mile beyond the Beacon; but there was no trace of anything wrong."

"Thanks, thanks, dear Marion; I have no right to despair, having a friend like you. This little one, too; yes, you are right, she shall not go with us to-morrow."

"That's a wise woman! Now Mildred is like herself again. But one whole day, and you will have your husband back, I promise you; and, in the meantime, fear not this man at all. The lieutenant has had a word from me, and will watch the man as a cat watches a mouse. My husband's honest heart takes all he does not know for good; but, being warned, his hand is like a vice to grip the wicked. Woe, bitter woe, to him who plots against an unprotected woman and her child beneath John Carey's eyes! This Stevens is a very bold and crafty villain, you would say; but he with whom he has now to deal is keen, although not cunning; and as for boldness, I do indeed believe my husband would, in his shirt-sleeves—in the cause of honor or duty—defy a lion."

Mrs. Carey laughed, but, while she spoke, the fire of honest pride glowed in her cheeks and eyes, and made her pleasant face one glory.

"So, Mildred, without being very brave ourselves, we may rest to-night without fear. Come, you must have some tea, and then to bed; and this young lady, too, must be persuaded to retire, since such late hours are bad for her complexion."

I think unto the house of sorrow there is no human blessing equal to a breezy-minded woman, tender at heart, but not of chary of her tears, ready to listen to woe, but not to flatter it, and, Martha-like, careful to fulfill the ordinary duties of the house, whatever earthquake may have shaken the pillars of its peace.

The night passed, thanks to Mrs. Carey, without alarms; and when, the next day at noon, the two friends set forth upon the inland way, which led by a short cut to the cliffs above the Mermaid Cavern, the clouds of evil foreboding had thinned, so that a little sunshine straggled through and found its way to Mildred's heart. It was a lovely walk; the fields, with garments various and rich, were welcoming everywhere the presence of the Spring; the woods had donned their beautiful green robes, and all the incense-breathing earth was bright and glad. Now their road lay through lanes with lofty banks, by nature's lavish hand set thick with flowers, and where, overhead, the pale sprays of hawthorn upon either side strove hard to kiss; and now it climbed some hill-top, from whence many a mile of pleasant English ground, with hall and hamlet, church-tower and low white farmhouse, wooed their willing eyes.

"This is the third time," said Mildred, apprehensively, when they had gone a considerable distance, "that, looking back, I have perceived that man yonder. He pretends to be gathering violets whenever we turn round, but I do not like his following us in this manner. When we pass Mr. Jasper's farm, we will step in, and then he must needs miss us."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear. Do not flatter yourself that the gentleman is so interested in our proceedings," said Mrs. Carey, laughing; "see, he has deserted us already, and has taken that path across the fields."

"I am heartily glad of it, Marion; for now that you have put me in better hope about dear Raymond, I am ashamed to say I begin to be alarmed about ourselves. I almost wish that we had got that escort with us you proposed, in case of our having brought little Milly."

More lanes, more hills, more beauties on all sides; and now the banks decrease and become mere rounds of green, and the road dwindles to a turf track, and presently is lost upon the boundless down. Now, too, the thunder of the unseen sea breaks in upon the inland harmonies, and the scented air grows fresh.

"We are very late, dear Mildred; we must not tarry now; it is long past three."

These words of Mrs. Carey referred to a disinclination evinced by her companion to arrive at their destination; a scared and hare-like look had once more taken possession of her, as though she beheld some object of fear behind her and about her.

"Did you not hear some sound like a human voice, Marion?"

"Yes, love; our west winds are full of such ories," returned Mrs. Carey, coolly. "When I

first came to live in these parts, I used often to open the bedroom window, both before and after the gales, under the impression that some one lay outside in pain. The sea, too, is getting very loud; I think it must be very near high tide."

"But we were to be at the cavern long before that, were we not?"

"Yes, if we took Milly to see it; but not otherwise. Why should we trouble to descend the cliff, and then toil up again? We have only to guide Mr. Stevens home. He cannot mistake the only path that leads hither from the shore, and when he has got up, he cannot fail—"

"There he is," interrupted Mildred, hastily.

"How my heart beats—how my knees tremble! But who is he lying down?"

"That is not him," returned Mrs. Carey, confidently; "it is a larger man than even he."

"Yes, great Heaven!" cried Mildred; "it is the very person who has been tracking us all the way, and who pretended to take the path across the fields. Marion, my friend, we are betrayed, and it is I who have led you into the snare. May Heaven and you forgive me; your husband never will, I know."

"I think he will," rejoined the lieutenant's wife, laughing, "for that is Robert Andrews, one of his own men. I did not feel so brave as you did about this expedition at starting, so I begged to have a body-guard, in case we wanted one. It was I who beckoned him, behind your back, to take the field-path, and so get here before us. You are not vexed, are you, Mildred?"

"I am grateful beyond all words can say," answered Mildred, fervently.

At a sign from Mrs. Carey the man arose, and came forward to meet them.

"Have you seen anything of Mr. Stevens?" inquired she. "Is it possible that he could have missed us after coming up the cliff?"

"Quite impossible, ma'am. If your head can stand looking over here, you will see that yonder is the only path up from the bay; and, except at low tide, one cannot get round either point. The cavern lies almost underneath us. If he had come up here on the Down, we must have seen him; there is no shelter except that very lane as you came by."

"But it is now nearly high tide, Robert, and he cannot possibly be in the cavern."

"Not unless he be a merman, ma'am," assented Andrews, grinning, and touching his hat, as though in apology for joking before his superior. "My own belief is as the gentleman got sea-sick, and was landed a good way short of this. He may be back at Sandby or even Lucky Bay by this time."

"Back at Sandby!" cried Mildred, with clasped hands; "then he may even now be at the cottage! Home, home, for Heaven's sake! Why did I ever leave my child!"

With that she turned, and began to retrace her steps, without waiting to hear what comfort the lieutenant's wife was endeavoring to find for her. Moreover, Mrs. Carey's face belied her cheering words; it was pale and full of apprehension; and after one more glance at the insatiable sea, which had already devoured the shore, and was sucking, with greedy lips, the very cliff, she hastened after her friend.

CHAPTER XL.—THE EMPTY HOME.

THE road which the two ladies had taken from Sandby to the Down, above the Mermaid's Cavern, although a short cut in comparison with that along the cliff top, was several miles in length, and as Mildred fled back along it now, it seemed as though it would never end. Her eyes were blind to its beauties, or, if they were observed, it was only as landmarks to calculate how much of the tedious way still stretched before her. She could not listen to aught that the affection of Mrs. Carey, or the honest sympathy of Robert Andrews, prompted each to say. Her mind had sped on with her heart before her to the cottage and its precious treasure she had left unguarded there, deeming that she herself was standing between it and him who coveted it. She felt like some out-maneuvred chieftain, who, having set forth with his forces to offer battle, learns that the foe has got between him and the defenseless town, where the women and children have been left, and, by forced marches, hastens back, fearing unutterable things; and as, to his anxious eyes, it is something to see the town yet standing yonder, and not a mere heap of smoking ruins, so, when she first caught sight of the little home, tranquil and fair as ever, with the blue smoke from the kitchen chimney streaming in the wind (the peasant that she saw that Commodore Comfort is aboard), and all its windows open to the sun, her white lips moved, although they did not speak to mortal ear, and with one long sigh she dismissed half her sorrow.

"I suppose Milly is in the kitchen, begging for plums," said Mildred to her friend, like one whose thoughts need endorsement; "cook always spoils the darling. Why do you not speak, Marion?"

"I was looking at that white thing on the roof, at the window of the attic; there is somebody waving a handkerchief."

"Yes; so there is. That is Jane's bedroom; she is dressing, and the child is with her, doubtless; she is making a sign of welcome to us—that is all."

The mother's tremulous words sorted ill with her confident words, and Mrs. Carey did not reply. As they drew nearer, they heard Jane calling:

"Let me out—let me out, ma'am; he has locked me in."

Without interrogating her further, the two women ran up stairs, and found the attic door closed against them. "He has taken the key away," sobbed the poor nursemaid from within, and you must bustle it in."

"Come up here, Robert Andrews," cried the lieutenant's wife. "Can you break this door open at once, without a crowbar?"

"Ees, ma'am, I rather think I can," returned the coast-guardman, with a twinkle in his eyes. "Stand back, young ooman, within there, if you please."

Then, raising his foot—the earliest battering-ram in the long roll of warlike instruments—he brought it down with accuracy upon the simple lock. Away flew staple and screw-heads, as though a petard had been applied to the spot, and behold little Jane, sitting on her own bed, in tears, with twopenny-halfpenny tight clasped in one hand and her pocket-handkerchief in the other!

"I couldn't 'elp it, ma'am," sobbed she; "indeed, indeed, I couldn't. Who would have thought of any harm in a horgan-grinder, with moving images all round and round, and one of 'em a-playing on the pianny! And poor dear little Milly so pleased—I felt quite obligated to give him what I could spare; and I ran up here for the money, leaving that precious darling dancing with delight, and he pretending to be so kind; and he must have followed me with his shoes off, for I never heard nothin' till he locked the door upon me, and

then went down and carried off that beautiful child! Oh! 'ose you seen anything of her, and can you forgive me, though it ain't my fault, ma'am? It ain't, indeed!"

"When did the man take my child away, girl?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, hoarsely.

"Oh, nigh two hours ago, ma'am. You see, cook she went down to Sandby after some shrimps—or, leastwise, after George Brown, for it's no use telling fibs in a time like this—and I and little Milly were left quite alone; and while we was playing in the garden, who should come over the hill from Lucky Bay but this here man with the music, and little folks dancing in front of it—such a sight as I never before seed! And when he had inveigled me here and looked me in, I watched him with the little darling on his shoulder, still so proud and pleased, taking the road across the Downs to Westportown; but though I screamed and hollered, and squeezed my head out at the little window, and very nearly never got it back again, not a soul heard me till I see you coming home to where there was no Milly."

The poor girl rocked herself in such an agony of distress as no reproaches could heighten. Mrs. Hepburn did not attempt to reproach her. "I was thanking God for this, Marion," whispered she, in hollow tones.

"God is never thanked in vain, Mildred," returned Mrs. Carey, gravely. "Now, go not cry, Jane," added she, addressing the still sobbing girl, "but answer my questions truthfully and sensibly; thereby you will be doing what you can to repair the mischief which has happened. Did you ever, to your recollection, see this organ-man before?"

"Never, never, never!" answered the girl, hysterically.

"You do not think it possible that it could even be anybody you have seen before, in disguise; not, for instance, the man who called here yesterday and spoke to me upon the lawn—that Mr. Stevens?"

"I did not see the gentleman not to remember him, ma'am; but this was a tall, big man, with a cruel face (though I didn't think so at the time), and he had gray eyes and grizzled hair."

"That is enough," said Mrs. Carey, thoughtfully.

"Ay, and more than enough," groaned the wretched mother. "My Milly has been in his power these two hours."

"Ay, but he has the organ to carry and the child as well," reasoned the lieutenant's wife. "Do you, Robert, take the road to Westportown, and try to come up with this villain. Pursue him, no matter whither he has gone. Give my husband's card to the chief constable, and tell him to spare no pains. Here is my purse. Ten precious minutes have been lost already."

She had scarcely ceased to speak ere the willing giant was upon his way.

Mildred had sunk down on the floor, and, huddled together like some poor wretch who feels the teeth of the frost, there she sat, shivering. She was neither weak nor witless; but she saw in what had happened the corroboration of her worst suspicions; and as the partridge cowers while the hawk is in the air, so she shrank beneath this unmistakable work of the relentless hand of her Aunt Grace. Mrs. Carey dared not leave her in such a plight (for the nurse-girl was worse than useless), nor, had she done so, could help have been obtained nearer than Lucky Bay. Nobody at Sandby would have done the bidding of the lieutenant's wife, or even listened to her, so bitter was the feeling in the hamlet against the coast-guard and all connected with it. So the three sat where they were, only that ever and anon Mrs. Carey went to the little window, and looked forth in hopes of seeing the figure of Robert Andrews, or some messenger of his, upon the westward road; but she saw nothing but the line of silver birches, thin and bowed, and the wild waste of down, and beyond, the ebbing sea and broadening sand. Once only she whispered to the girl: "Did Milly go with this man willingly?"

"Oh! yes, ma'am, quite; and though of course it was the dancing figures which mainly pleased her, yet the poor dear child seemed to take a fancy to him from the first."

"That is very strange," mused Mrs. Carey.

After many a weary hour, the coast-guardman returned. He had been unable to overtake the child-stealer; but the constables were on the alert and the alarm had been given far and wide. The organ, with the figures in front of it, which had been so faithfully attractive to the stolen girl, had been found in a ditch scarce half a mile away.

Mildred listened to what he had to say, without the blank despair upon her face taking any impress. She had expected no better news, and worse could scarce have been brought to her. Later in the evening, as they sat in the little parlor without lights, since Mrs. Carey averred that she could knit without them, and the gloom was dear to Mildred in her grief, there entered the truant cook. "Having a few hours," explained she, "she had imprudently taken a sail with Mr. Brown in the Good Intent, and the wind, though favoring them in going out, had been so contrary when coming back, that they had been delayed thus long; also, when they did land, she had received such news as had quite 'turned her,' and she had been obliged to—"

"We know all that," interrupted Mrs. Carey, sharply, and making an imperious sign that she should leave the room. Then, after a few minutes, she herself arose, and going into the kitchen, said: "Your mistress thought you were about to speak just now of her poor child's being stolen; but if there is any new misfortune, tell it to me. Heaven forbid that you have any bad tidings about Mr. Hepburn."

"No, ma'am, not about him."

With a great sigh of relief, Mrs. Carey listened to the narration of this domestic, discursive, egotistical, didactic, as it is the manner of her class to be, and more especially when they are conscious of being in disgrace, as though they would hide their error in a very mist of words. Having heard all, she returned to her childless friend.

"Am I not right, dear Mildred, in supposing that of this bitter draught you have to drain, the bitterest drop is this, that the man Stevens, against whom you have been warned, and against whom nature herself has warned you, should be the—"

"Yes, that my Milly should be in his clutches above all men, that seems worst of all," cried the hapless mother. "No other could be half so cruel; no other ever frightened my lost darling by his very looks before."

"Ay, so I thought, my love. Now, Milly was not frightened at this man, who seemed to have a kind way with him, according to Jane's story. I thought that this had in it some seed of hope; and now I have just heard—"

"What? what?" cried Mildred, clasping her feverish hand.

"Something that makes it quite impossible that the man who stole your Milly could be Stevens."

AN ENGLISH METHOD OF RAISING POULTRY.



1. THE EGG-ROOM.

HOW THE ENGLISH RAISE POULTRY.

We travel by steam, cook and wash by steam, do almost everything that comes within the range of human effort by steam: why not eat by steam likewise? We have almost reached that point; at least we provide for our tables by steam, and are only awaiting some new development of ingenuity to enable us to dispense entirely with the necessity of getting dinner, the expense of marketing, and the sundry inconveniences of boarding-houses.

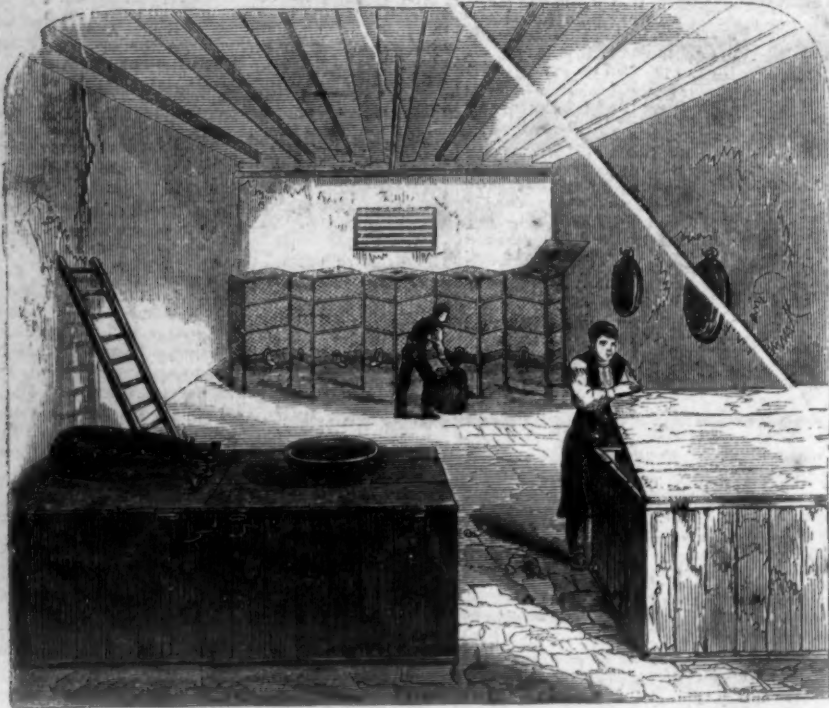
Even the process of poultry-raising is in some places carried on by steam, and so definite are the results, that the old adage, "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched," has lost all its force. In England the business has been reduced to a perfect system, and large establishments are devoted to it as a special and profitable branch of industry. In this country we still leave these matters to the fowls themselves, allowing each hen to determine the size of her own family, where she shall make her nest, etc. On this page we give illustrations showing the interior arrangements

The bins for keeping a small stock of bran and meal in are double compartments. They present some peculiarities of construction. Each compartment has two distinct covers—one, of wire gauze, which may be locked, while the wooden one is left open, thus affording ventilation and security at the same time.

3. *The Kitchen.*—The kitchen adjoins the seed-room, for convenience, and is appropriated to cooking the various articles of food given to the poultry. It contains a furnace, heating two copper, and the cooking is performed by steam, and hot air from the furnace is conveyed by pipes to other parts of the building where it may be required, such as the hatching-room, the hen-house, etc.

4. *The Hatching-room.*—On one side of the room, and partly at one end, the nests are arranged upon a double dresser placed against the wall, near together, but not touching each other.

The nest-baskets are of osier, measuring on the inside, in length, fifteen inches; breadth, twelve inches at top, and nine inches and a half at bottom; depth, ten inches. They have each a cover,



2. THE SEED-ROOM.

of one of these establishments, in which everything is done by rule, and is reduced to system. Let us glance at the various apartments as they are here presented.

1. *The Egg-room.*—The eggs keep best when deposited in a dry, clean place, equally sheltered against extremes of heat and cold.

Perfect order reigns in this department in the arrangement of the boxes, each of which bears the date of its arrival in the room, so that the age of any box of eggs can always be accurately ascertained. An account is also kept of the delivery of each box disposed of; and by a simple series of entries in a book kept for that purpose, the transactions of this department may at any moment be ascertained at a glance.

A corner is reserved for eggs selected for hatching, and means are provided for preserving them until the season arrives when they become scarce and dear.

2. *The Seed-room.*—The arrangements of this room demand much care and foresight, so as to secure the preservation of grain and meal, &c., from the various sources of injury to which they are liable, and the depredations of vermin.

and are accompanied by a piece of flannel of the same size as the cover.

A table with drawer, a thermometer, a registry-book and writing materials, and a little cupboard, complete the furniture of this room, which can be warmed and darkened to any degree required. Its position secures the necessary quietude.

On the outside of the hatching-room, in the southern face of the building, and protected from the weather by an overhanging gallery, two rows of twelve coops each are inserted in the wall, in which the sitting hens are placed to be fed.

The arrangement is shown in the engraving of the hatching-room, where the coops are on the left wall. By this plan, the persons charged with the care of the sitting hens have no need of going out of the hatching-room to take the birds to be fed, or to fetch them in when their repast is concluded. Each coop affords a space of sixteen inches in height by fifteen inches in breadth.

During incubation, a screen divides the hatching-room into two parts, so that the going and returning, while conveying the sitting hens to the coop and returning them to their nests, are not a source of disturbance or annoyance to the others.

In this room every operation is carried on with the utmost quietness.

The food is all prepared for the hens before they are put into the coops; these must be kept scrupulously clean.

The system is said to prove successful in every respect, so far as a constant supply of chickens and pecuniary results are concerned, and doubtless some enterprising Yankee will soon introduce an improved method in this country.

THE CAT IN A WATER PIPE.

ANIMAL instincts and passions oftentimes closely resemble human traits intensified. In adapting means to ends in the display of cunning and shrewdness, the animal frequently exhibits a remarkable facility, imitating very closely the reason and skill of man himself. The following incident illustrates this fact quite distinctly: The association of dogs together for the purpose of hunting is by no means an unusual occurrence, so that, by combining their efforts, they are more certain of their prey than if each one pursued it alone. In many towns of Southern Europe there is an immense number of dogs wandering about without

CANNIBAL FORKS AND COOKING POTS.

The practice of cannibalism, so frequent fifty years ago, is gradually disappearing before the progress of civilization and Christianity, and is now rarely known. It seemed to arise from a savage instinct that delighted in thus taking revenge upon an enemy, and it was often attended by wild orgies too gross for description. The vessels used in the preparation of a cannibal's feast were not employed for any other purposes, being strictly *tabu*. Our illustration on page 237, shows some of the cooking-pots and forks of the Fijis, as described by Mr. Williams, a missionary among those people. They are simple and rude in their construction, the pots being made of clay, hardened by baking, and the forks of wood and bone.

A CEYLON OIL MILL.

HUMAN ingenuity always keeps pace with man's necessities, and the more numerous our wants, the more readily we devise means of satisfying them. The contrast between the rude and simple contrivances of barbarous nations, and the almost intelligent devices of modern civilization, indicates



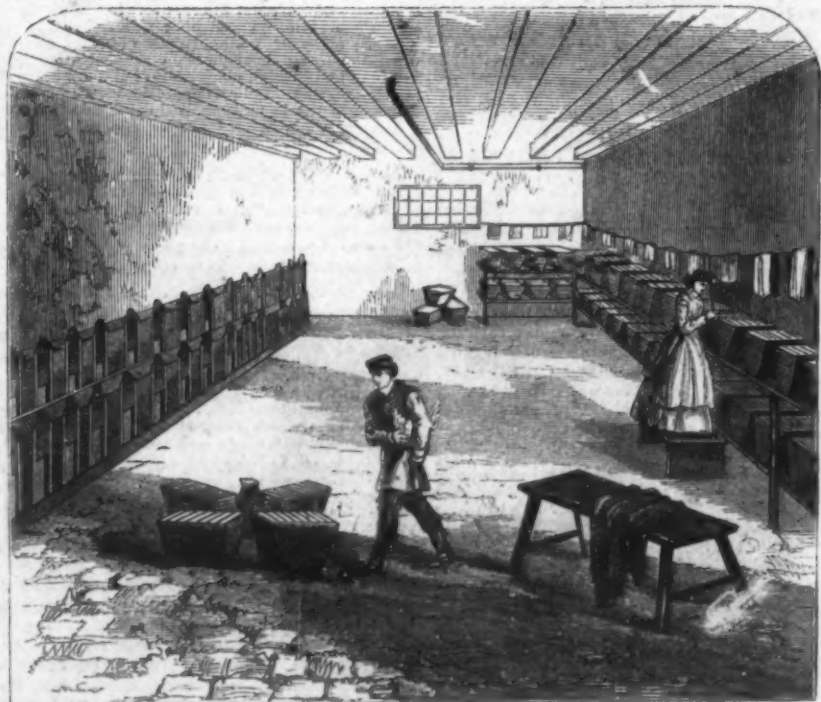
3. THE KITCHEN.

owners, greatly to the annoyance of strangers who have occasion to visit those localities. At Palermo, among these idle wanderers, were two particularly distinguished for their animosity to cats.

One day they were in pursuit of a cat, which, seeing no other place of refuge near, made her escape into a long earthen water-pipe, which was lying on the ground. Those two inseparable companions, who always supported each other, pursued the cat to the pipe, where they halted and consulted what was to be done to deceive and get possession of their enemy. After they had stood a short time, they divided, took post at each end of the pipe, and began to bark alternately, to give the cat reason to suppose they were both at one end, and to induce her to come out. This really astonishing cunning soon had a successful result, and the cheated cat left her hiding-place. Scarcely had she ventured out, when she was seized by one of the dogs; the other hastened to his assistance, and in a few moments deprived her of life.

the progress the race has made; and as we look at the implements used by uncivilized nations, we can hardly believe them sufficient for the ordinary purposes of life. Our illustration shows a mill used in Ceylon for expressing the oil of the cocoa-nut, a flourishing branch of trade in that country. It consists of the trunk of a tree, hollowed into a mortar, in which a heavy, upright pestle is worked round by oxen, yoked to a transverse beam. The natives erect these mills under the shade of the palm groves, near their houses, and though they are rickety, creaking affairs, they serve their purpose quite effectually. Of course they would not comport with Yankee notions of thrift, but the Ceylonese, being less progressive, are quite content with this approximation to machinery.

WHY is a stock gambler like a railroad train? Because he may be expected to smash up at any moment.



4. THE HATCHING-ROOM.

Mrs. Castleton's First Quarrel.

"Dear me, how stupid you are, Philip!" and the elegant Mrs. Castleton pushed back her untasted cup of coffee with most unladylike emphasis. "Do you suppose anything would tempt me to disgrace both you and myself by attending Julia Winter's party in a dress I have ever worn before? No, sir: you can go if you see fit, and dance attendance upon ladies whose husbands are not too parsimonious to allow them the privilege of being well dressed."

Philip Castleton passed his hand wearily across his brow, and, with a look full of grief and tenderness, replied:

"As you please, Anna; but if you only knew how complicated my affairs are, and how many distracting losses we have had, you would not think of another *moire-antique*, or a new set of jewelry. Diamonds would become you, darling; and nothing would please me more than to purchase Ball & Black's most elegant set, but it would be at the cost of my reputation and my honor. Surely my wife would not advise such reckless extravagance as that?"

"Don't let's talk any more about it, Philip; I shall not attend. And now I must go to the nursery."

She was gone in a moment, seemingly unconscious that her husband lingered for the usual parting kiss and caress.

"Parsimonious!" he whispered to himself, on his way to the office. "Another word for stingy! What has come between us? A dreadful something, which bids fair to blight both our lives."

Anna Castleton had been married seven years and up to this time had discharged, faithfully and conscientiously, the duties of a wife. Her love for her husband was unbounded; yet the mysterious something, which Philip endeavored to penetrate, and which threatened to destroy their domestic happiness, was a dark cloud in the shape of "bad advice."

"You can go to breakfast, Lida; baby and I will have a romp. Oh, dear, dear! why have I allowed myself to go so far with Philip? He does really look careworn; and from the bottom of my heart I wish there was never such a thing got up as a fashionable party. Don't you, baby? How ridiculous in me to care about it! Surely my husband's love and respect are more to me than all the world beside."

Ab, good angel, why did you not remain to strengthen and bless the repentant woman?

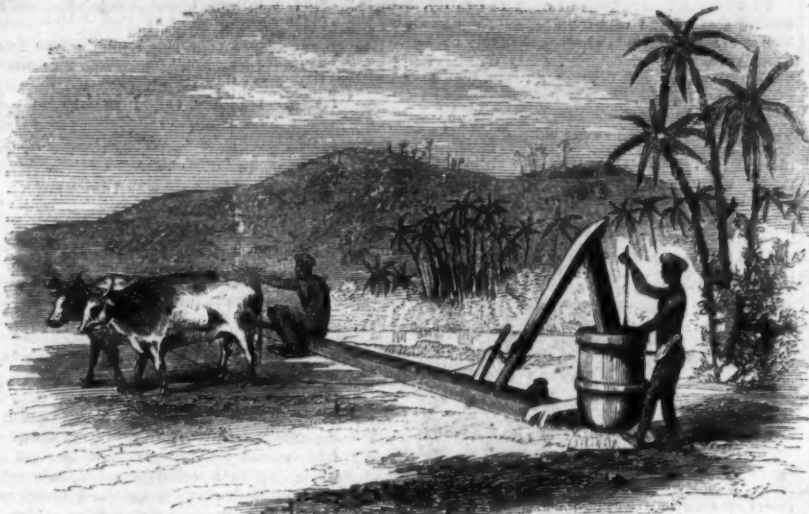
"Lida said you were in the nursery, so I ran right up. What is the matter with you? Had a quarrel with your husband? Of course you have. Not grieving over that, I hope? Why, Frank and I have a row regularly every day. I tell you, it is the spice of life. Now, what was it about?—do tell me. 'Can't afford it?' That's all in your eye! Are you foolish enough to believe such nonsense as that? It seems to me the men are all getting as mean as dirt. Why, Frank actually had the impudence to tell me this morning—just because he couldn't find the hair-brush—that if I couldn't have things in better order, he would dismiss Mary, and make me do my own sewing."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I snapped my fingers in his face; and told him, that, for every servant he dismissed, I should get two more. He'll be pleased enough to-night. Come, now, dress yourself, and go take a ride with me."

While Mrs. Castleton is making her toilet, let us glance at her visitor. A little woman, of sprightly, fascinating appearance, very engaging in manner, dressed in exquisite taste, and a leader in the best (?) society. It is little wonder that she dazzled and blinded Mrs. Castleton.

"Ain't this a beautiful shade, Anna? I think it will light up splendidly; and then, trimmed with point lace!—oh, I shall take it by all means!" and the little fingers moved caressingly over the



A CEYLON OIL MILL.—SEE PAGE 236.

imported fabric. "Fifteen yards! That won't be so expensive, after all. Why not have one like it? Oh! I forgot, your husband can't afford it." And the merry laugh had just enough of mockery in it to drive her sensitive companion desperate.

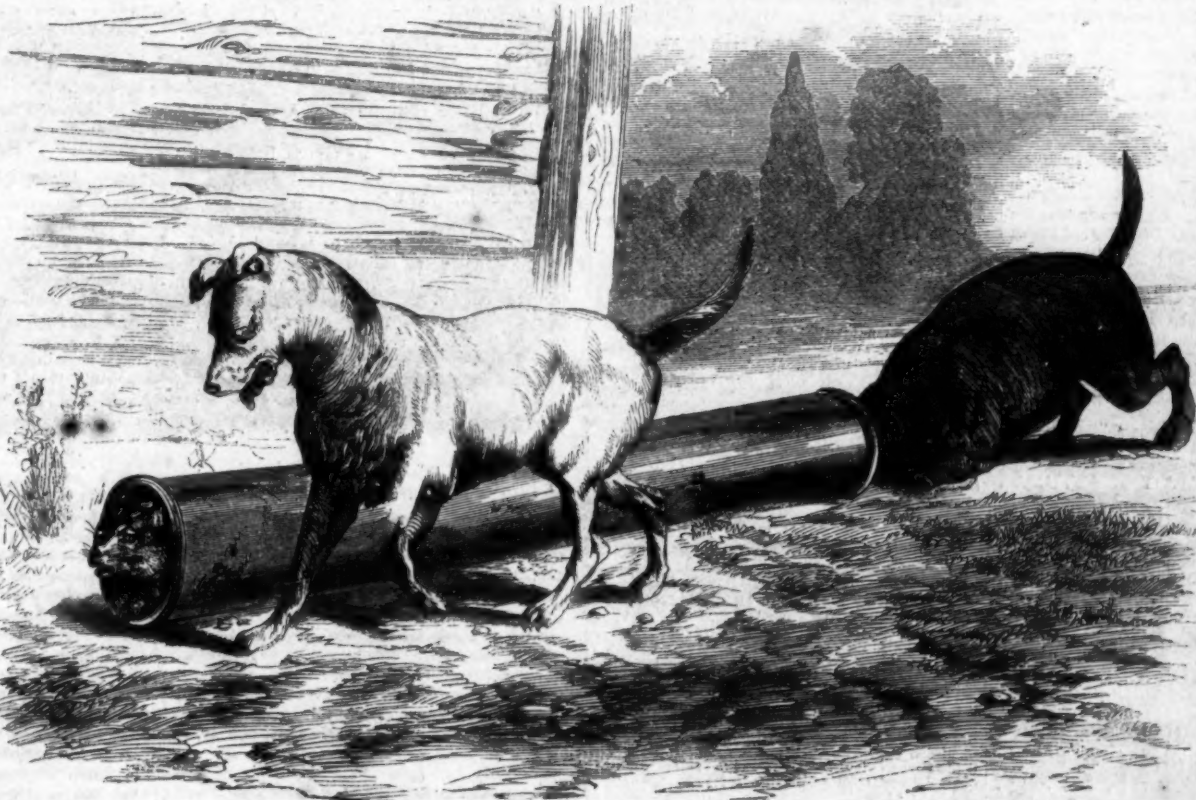
"Measure off eighteen yards, and send the bill to Castleton Brothers," impulsively said the victim.

Mrs. Reid endeavored to persuade her to select her lace and trimmings, but in vain; she had gone just far enough, she thought, to convince Philip that she was not a child, and would not be treated like one.

out doing all in their power to amuse and entertain each other.

Mrs. Reid had at last succeeded in sowing the seeds of discord; and no fault of hers if they did not bring forth rank and abundant fruit.

Oh! how such women are to be detested, and how carefully avoided. It really does seem incomprehensible how ladies of good common sense can be imposed upon by little mischief-making butterflies of Mrs. Reid's stamp. But this is no fiction, dear reader, for the events actually happened as narrated.



THE CAT IN THE WATER PIPE.—SEE PAGE 236.

"Here's a bill for you, Phil, I guess," said Castleton, senior. "*Moire-antique*! It is but just, Philip, that you should tell your wife to hold up a little now. I have no doubt but we shall pull through with careful management; but we must be economical at present."

"I know it," replied Philip, sternly, "and this is the last time such a thing shall happen."

Evening came, and, at the usual hour, Philip stepped into the dining-room; but with no word of tender greeting for her who stood with averted eyes before the fire. Every article around them gave evidence of elegance and refinement; the beautifully set dining-table, perfect in all its appointments, with its sparkling glass and shining silver, was pleasant to look upon, for Mrs. Castleton was the very essence of neatness and good taste. Everything looked warm and genial except the lord and lady. They ate in silence.

"Stop one moment, Anna," said Philip, as she prepared to leave the room. "Look at this bill, and see if it is correct."

"Perfectly so," she replied, with affected nonchalance.

"Very well; it is receipted, you see." And he put the bill into her hand. Not a word more, for Philip was not only sensitive, but proud, and his heart-strings might have snapped before he would have uttered one reproachful word. 'Twas dreadfully hard work for Anna to keep the tears back—for, remember, this was her first attempt at rebellion. That evening was one long to be remembered; for never before, during their seven years of married life, had they spent an evening at home with-

Anna waited until ten o'clock for Philip to join her in her room, and finally retired. About an hour after, she heard his step on the stairs; but he passed the door, and went into the spare chamber. If Philip was proud, so was his wife, and thus the shadows deepened.

Weary and unrefreshed, Mrs. Castleton sat down to breakfast, but no Philip.

"Mary, call Mr. Castleton."

"Sure, marm, he is not in his room, and cook says he was just going out as she opened the basement blinds."

Mrs. Castleton's cup of coffee was again taken away untouched. Oh! the long, weary day—would it never end? Mrs. Reid rolled up to the door in her luxurious carriage: "Would Mrs. Castleton take a ride, and do a little shopping?" but Mrs. Castleton was out. She had had all night and day to reflect; and her native good sense was triumphant. She could now see plainly where she had grieved and insulted her husband; and vowing to confess her fault and beg him to forgive her, she fell asleep.

"Phil, one of us must go to Chicago, and stay a few weeks," said Castleton, senior, "and I think it had better be you. You understand that branch better, and if you can get ready, start this afternoon."

"The sooner the better," thought Philip. He went home, ran up to the room, and there, on the bed, lay his wife, fast asleep. Oh! how sorrowfully he looked at her, and how he longed to take her in his arms and love her as of old; but pride conquered. He wrote a line and pinned it to the cushion. It ran thus: "Mrs. Castleton. I start for Chicago immediately; shall be gone a few weeks.—Philip." He packed some necessary articles in a portmanteau, and with one long, lingering look, he tore himself away. Up to the nursery he flew, kissed Baby Philip good-by, down stairs and off across the river to Jersey City, into the car, and never stopped to reflect upon what he

had done, until steam and rail had carried him miles away from his home.

It was almost dark when Anna awoke. "Ah!" she said to herself, "it is most time for Philip, and this dreadful affair will soon be settled; but what is this?" as her eye rested on the little note. "How could he be so cruel? It must be a wicked joke! What shall I do first? write to him? No. I should never live to get the answer. I will send for John" (that was Castleton, senior). Accordingly, a dainty little note was dispatched, begging John to come up, without fail, in the evening. John came, and marvelled much what had come over his dignified sister-in-law. Her eyes were red, and her whole appearance indicated a severe mental struggle of some kind.

"Now, John, tell me, quick," said she, grasping both his hands, "has Philip gone to Chicago on business? and did you know he was going?"

"Why, certainly, Anna. I sent him off in a hurry; but what is the matter? It can't be possible that you and Philip have quarreled?"

"Yes, we have," and the heart-broken woman related the whole story, never sparing herself in the least. "And now, John, what shall I do? I shall go crazy if this is not settled immediately. Will you let me go to Chicago? Now do; that's a dear brother."

He looked at her attentively a moment, and decided that it was the only proper course to be pursued; for he saw that such an intense mental strain must produce fatal consequences, if not soon relieved.

"Certainly, Anna, you shall go; and Phil was a brute to leave you in such a shabby style. I'm ashamed of him. You are not afraid to travel alone?"

"No; not to the antipodes, if I could be sure Phil still loved me."

"Phil stops at the S—n House; and I will give you a letter of introduction to the proprietor."

It was all arranged, and the next day, at the same hour precisely, Anna Castleton started. It seemed to her she could not go fast enough; but Chicago was reached at last, and when the carriage drew up before the principal entrance, Anna's heart was in her mouth. What if she should meet him at the entrance? She went to the parlor, sent for the gentlemanly proprietor, gave her letter, and in a moment more was seated in her husband's room. There, on the floor, lay his portmanteau, shirts and collars, brushes and combs, crammed together in true masculine style.

"Poor fellow!" whispered she. "What if he will not forgive me?"

She arranged everything in perfect order, then made her own toilet. She had little to do it with, for her baggage had not arrived; but she dressed her beautiful hair with most exquisite taste. Every footfall made her start, but, finally, the gong sounded for dinner. In a moment more she heard the well-known step. Standing behind the door, Anna waited. In walked Philip, took off his

overcoat, threw himself into a chair, without once glancing round. In a second more two little white hands covered his eyes, and two dear, rosy lips were pressed to his own.

"Philip, will you forgive me?"

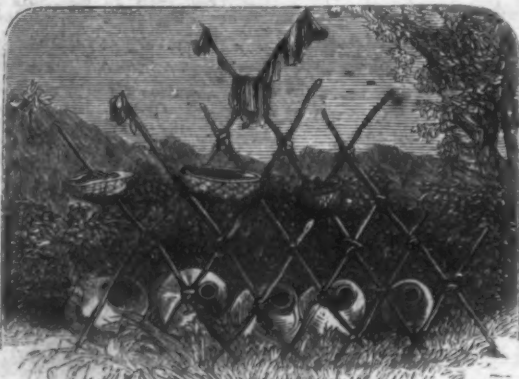
"Forgive you, darling? Yes; a thousand times."

And, close pressed to her husband's bosom, Anna explained all. We might as well come away now, dear reader, for 'tis hardly fair to listen to all they said; but one thing is certain: no mischief-maker will ever again have the power to make trouble between Philip Castleton and his wife. Married ladies take warning.

AN ADVENTURE WITH A GORILLA.

The following story is told by an African traveler:

"I had often heard marvelous accounts of gorillas said to bear a close resemblance to man, and I naturally



CANNIBAL COOKING POT.—SEE PAGE 236.



CANNIBAL FORKS OF THE FINGER.—SEE PAGE 236.

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At which time the Ticket-holders will appoint a Com-
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**One Hundred Thousand Dollars' worth
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1-16th Interest in the Eureka Well on Pithole,
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1 Business Lot in Chicago, cash value..... 2,500
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Also, other minor Gifts too numerous to men-
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Each Ticket insures the purchaser a Gift, and the
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Twenty " " " " " 23 " "
Thirty " " " " " 35 " "
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Ladies, make every gentleman of your acquaintance
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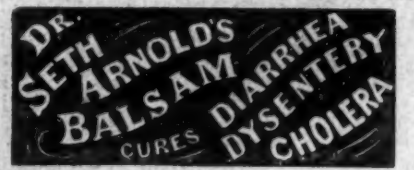
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